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CONTENTS.

	PAGE	
EVENTS OF THE WEEK ...	657	
POLITICS AND AFFAIRS:—		
Labor and Naval Disarmament ...	660	
"Thou Art the Man!" ...	661	
The Jungle in the East ...	662	
A LONDON DIARY. By A Wayfarer ...		663
LIFE AND LETTERS:—		
The Civilian War-Mind.—III	664	
The Silence of Labor ...	666	
Judge Neil's Law ...	667	
SHORT STUDIES:—		
An Old Windmill. By Frederick Niven ...	668	
COMMUNICATIONS:—		
The Belgian Claims on Holland. By Dutchman	669	
CONTEMPORARIES:—		
Lord Robert Cecil ...	670	
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR. By G. Bernard Shaw, Dr. Greville MacDonald, G. Lowes Dickinson, Lt.-Colonel H. F. T. Fisher, A. P. L., and J. D. Applebaum ...	671	
POETRY:—		
Night Thoughts. By Sylvia Lynd ...	673	
THE WORLD OF BOOKS. By H. J. M. ...	674	
REVIEWS:—		
Mr. Saintsbury on the French Novel ...	676	
Standish O'Grady ...	676	
An Interview with Apollo ...	678	
An Illusory Conrad ...	680	
BOOKS IN BRIEF ...	682	
THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By Lucellum ...	682	

[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Events of the Week.

It is now perfectly clear that the Russian expeditions must fail, so far as their prime object is concerned. That is the destruction of Bolshevism and the taking of Petrograd before the winter. Both these objects are completely out of compass. Koltchak is beaten and out, Denikin's forces have been driven on his right, and his advance is stopped in the centre; Yudenitch's army has disappeared, and with it his new "Government." The Estonians declare that they will not fight unless attacked; while the Finnish expedition has simply wilted away with the change of Government and the complete defeat of the Mannerheim faction. Therefore, unless Parliament instantly moves and demands of Mr. Churchill a prompt fulfilment of his pledge of withdrawal, this wretched business, draining our men and our money by the thousand and the million, will drag on without a hope of an issue. There is none in the action of our fleet. That is merely spectacular, for no effective support from land can now be given, while the Bolsheviks grow stronger both at Archangel and Murmansk. Even if all these separate failures could be repaired, there is the approach of winter and the impossibility of an end before the cold sets in. Therefore this shameful folly totters to its fall. General Gough is now in England, having seen the miscarriage of his attempt to co-ordinate forces that no longer exist. What is his report? Is it conceivable that he advises a resumption? If not, the Government's last plank has fallen from under it.

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COMMANDER KENWORTHY's vigorous article against the Government's Russian policy strikes a note which the Liberal leaders and the Labor moderates will go on sounding, if they have any sense for tactics. The country is now in panic over waste, salutary enough though capricious in its sallies. We dismiss "flappers," and in due course we shall doubtless follow Lord Rothermere in cutting down expenditure on education. All the while

the hideous waste for an evil purpose goes on in Russia. We finance all the little Allies whom we drag into the fray. We squander ships and coal and uniforms. We cut ourselves off from the immense supplies of cheap raw materials, especially timber and flax, which lie waiting in Russia for peace and an open port. Commander Kenworthy's estimate that the whole adventure costs us a million a day is probably within the mark, and it does not cover the indirect loss. That is a purely self-regarding argument, but it rests on sound sense. All the while we condemn this unhappy land by our blockade to economic misery, and to epidemics which may sweep over Europe. And for what end? To find, that if we succeed, we shall repeat in Moscow the scandal of Budapest.

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TAKING the news in detail, it records two decided military successes for the Soviet troops. Profiting by the disorganization of the "White" forces on the Estonian front, where the counter-revolutionary generals have been preparing for the march on Petrograd by arresting each other, the "Reds" have taken Pskoff, and with a little effort should easily regain the line of Lake Peipus and the river Narva. Some further advances, with heavy and fluctuating fighting, remind us that Mr. Churchill is still evacuating Archangel after his own manner. Even in the South the tide is perceptibly turning, and the Red Army, using presumably troops that can now be spared from the pursuit of Koltchak, is advancing. Of all the converging attacks which made this year's plan of campaign, Denikin's alone scored a big initial success. But he seems as little able as any other White commander to hold what he takes. The population promptly becomes hostile when it sees White methods at close quarters. He may continue to over-run the sorely tried Ukraine. But there his Imperial rule will encounter nationalist as well as class opposition.

* * *

THE Supreme Council has sent the Austrian Peace Treaty out to the world with a covering letter, which is intended presumably to silence criticism by covering the defeated Austrians with abuse. The general principle of the Treaty is, of course, that after the Dual Monarchy has been dismembered, the whole of the war-debt and the whole of the indemnity are to be cast on the shoulders of the German-Austrian Republic, by far the poorest of the fragments. To justify this monstrous decision an attempt is made to cast the whole guilt of the war on the Austrian people. In one sentence the Hapsburg monarchy is described as an autocracy, in the next the nation is saddled with responsibility for its diplomacy. The exaggerations of this document would be remarkable even in a piece of "stunt" journalism. Thus we are told that "the people of Austria were the ardent supporters of the war from the start to the finish." We seem to remember that the Government from the outbreak of the war onwards dare not summon the Reichsrath. When it met at last, after the murder of the Premier Sturz by Fritz Adler (the most popular man in Vienna to-day), not one of the Cabinets which rose and

fell interminably could secure a majority or pass the budget, in spite of the loyal support of the Poles. Was there not a general strike in German-Austria to enforce peace in 1917? Could we not have had peace with Austria nearly a year earlier but for Mr. George's "knock-out blow"? If the Austrian Government was not overthrown, that was only because everyone knew that in the two latter years of the war it was publicly and privately doing its utmost to secure peace.

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THE covering letter and the revised text of the Treaty indicate no changes of real consequence. Criticism seems to be so entirely excluded from the muffled diplomatic world in which the Supreme Four live, that they glide in this document over the most flagrant inconsistencies of principle, without so much as being aware of them. What is their test of nationality? In dealing with the Tchechs, they follow avowedly the ancient historic frontiers of the Bohemian Crown, and seem proud that they have adhered to them almost exactly. That puts 3½ million Germans under foreign rule. In the South a new principle emerges. It is the scientific strategic frontier which accounts for the sacrifice of over half-a-million Tyrolese Germans to Italy. Then we have the boundaries with Jugo-Slavia and Hungary, and here for the first time a linguistic frontier is drawn! Why here and here only? The ancient frontiers of the historic Crown of St. Stephens are quite as respectable an antiquity as those of Bohemia. In this last case we hope the Vienna Government will adhere to its intention of refusing to accept this Hungarian border-territory, German though the population undoubtedly is, without an impartial *plébiscite*.

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On the main point of the union with Germany the Supreme Council is adamant. It has even addressed a sort of ultimatum to the German Reich, in which it is ordered to amend its constitution within fifteen days, on pain of seeing more of its territory occupied. What would happen, we wonder, if Germany appealed for arbitration, and called for delay before the Allies resort to warlike acts? Even those outside the League of Nations have that right by its charter. The offence is that the German Constitution, drafted before the completion of the Peace Treaty, provides for the eventual representation of German-Austria as a federal State in the Reich. Is this a breach of the Treaty? Probably it is verbally inconsistent with it, though the Treaty leaves it open to the Council of the League to sanction the union of Austria with Germany. If it were ever possible to challenge the doings of the world's rulers in debate, we should be curious to hear exactly what defence Mr. Wilson and Mr. Lloyd George would make for this veto on the will of two peoples, clearly recorded in recent and perfectly democratic elections, to unite. Debating apart, Austria is doomed to economic death unless she is allowed to unite with Germany.

* * *

THE extreme violence of this Allied threat to Germany probably reveals the uneasy sense of the Supreme Four that they are no longer obeyed. Poland (in the question of Eastern Galicia) and Roumania have openly flouted them. Germany is making little pretence of observing the disarmament clauses of the Treaty, and that must be tolerated, for how else can Communism be crushed? Von der Goltz and Keller at the head of their legions in Courland do exactly as they please, and that

also must be tolerated, for they may be useful, when all other help fails, against Soviet Russia. But the real scandal is in Budapest. The Roumanians are still busy looting, and the roads are ablock with the proceeds. The Supreme Four send Notes, but nothing happens. Even in the Notes they have not yet dared to order the Roumanians out of Hungary, while the Roumanians impudently assert that they have not received their messages. What is happening in that country one can only conjecture.

* * *

IT is now known that the American Commission which has been travelling in what once was Turkey, to report on the wishes of the inhabitants regarding their future destiny, has reported in favor of the acceptance of mandates by America. We hope the Senate may be duly impressed by its arguments, but we are not sanguine. Certainly the more responsibility America can be induced to assume, the better will it be for the peoples of the East. Meanwhile, the French Press is indignant because Mr. Crane, after a visit to Syria, has not reported favorably on the disposition of its people towards a French protectorate. It is alleged that British officers prevented certain notables from going to give evidence on behalf of France, and in two definite instances we are said to have arrested leading Syrian partisans of France. No official answer has been made from our side in one of these cases, and in the other there is a direct conflict of testimony. The temperature in Paris is rising, and we are summoned to carry out the Secret Treaty of 1916 without further delay. After talking Persia for a time, some French papers are now beginning to show an interest in the present deplorable state of Egypt. It is probably true that the Syrians, outside the Lebanon, do not desire French rule. But our Empire, after the latest episode in Persia (to mention only one of our Irelands) has lost the moral right to speak for Eastern peoples.

* * *

A LIST of no less than ten new diplomatic appointments appeared in Wednesday's papers. Every one of them has fallen to a professional member of the diplomatic service. We do not wish to disparage the ability and social qualities of some of these gentlemen. Sir Esmé Howard, for example, is a good choice for Madrid and Sir Ronald Graham for the Hague. But in choosing Ministers for the new Republics, which have no official caste and no official conventions, an attempt ought certainly to have been made to find men of democratic sympathies with a more positive and human personality than the service tends to develop. Take the Tchecho-Slovak Republic, for example. Its President is a student, a professor, a man who started life in a blacksmith's shop. Its Prime Minister is a Socialist leader. Its whole idea is republican and egalitarian. Is an official whose life has been spent in the Foreign Office (with intervals in Constantinople and Abyssinia) the man for such a post? Personality is essential in these young States, and we would add, the Minister, if he means to do anything to protect racial minorities, must be a man who can resist his environment.

* * *

NEXT week's Trades Union Congress promises to be exceptionally interesting and important. Two issues will overshadow the rest—Direct Action and Mines Nationalization. The decisive rejection by the miners of the Government scheme based upon Sir Arthur Duckham's proposal for trustification as an alternative to national ownership, was generally anticipated, and must have

been from the first foreseen by Mr. George himself. An *impasse* has thus been reached. The Government, at the instance of the business interests, refuses to nationalize, and the miners accuse it of breach of faith, and refuse to accept any other solution. The position is rendered very much more grave by the certainty of a coming coal famine all over Europe, which America, for reasons of transport, can do nothing to relieve. While the existing deadlock continues, the industry is bound to be inefficient, and it is futile to look for any substantial increase in output. At the same time, it is intolerable that Europe should freeze to death because we cannot make up our minds who is to own and administer our collieries. Without distributing blame, we can safely say that if the industry were working smoothly, production could be substantially increased and many lives saved which otherwise will certainly be lost.

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THE present plan of the miners is reported to be twofold. They intend to enlist the support of the Trades Union Congress as a whole for the policy of mine nationalization, and to get the Congress to pledge itself to some sort of action with the object of bringing pressure to bear upon the Government. But they have also wisely decided that it is necessary to convince the general public that national ownership, and the plan for control which they put before the Coal Commission, are in the national interest, and they intend to launch a publicity and educational campaign with this object in view. Not only will by-elections be fought largely on the nationalization issue: the miners seem at last to have realized the value of publicity. Labor in the past has often been too ready to take a general understanding of its case for granted, and to refuse to make any effort to present it in an attractive light to the public.

* * *

THE question of nationalization will serve, to a certain extent, to relegate the issues on which "direct action" was originally suggested to a secondary position. The Triple Alliance acted with undoubted wisdom in referring the "direct action" issue to the Trades Union Congress instead of taking sectional action. The vote of censure to be moved by the Railwaymen upon the Parliamentary Committee of the Congress for its obstructive tactics in connection with "direct action" and for its refusal to call a special conference to deal with the question will probably be carried, unless some reconciler finds a way of saving the faces of both parties. The debate will at least give Labor its chance to show its general detestation of the policy of the Government towards Russia and European democracy in general, and there can be no doubt that on this point, as well as on conscription and disarmament—on which we hope the Congress will speak out—the feeling against the Government will run very high. "Direct action" may not follow; but, whether its death come of direct or indirect action, there can be little doubt that the days of the Government are numbered. The Trades Union Congress may be expected to knock another nail into its coffin.

* * *

At Columbus, Ohio, on Thursday, President Wilson delivered the first speech of the tour which is to occupy him until the end of September. The enterprise begins in a confusion of public opinion and feeling such as America has never before known in relation to international affairs. It is understood that Mr. Wilson sets forth

with an uncompromising programme; some thirty set speeches, in as many cities, devoted to a thoroughgoing defence of the Treaty and the Covenant, and an appeal for their ratification by the Senate without reservation. His friends hope for stronger showing on the platform than in Washington, where he has been smoothing out the weakest points of the Treaty to groups of irreconcilable opponents. In the great cities he will have a chance—presumably his last—to uphold his view that the United States could not withdraw from Paris when the Clemenceau-George combination wrecked his Peace. From Ohio to the Pacific and back the President will be breaking fresh soil, for no important member of his party has been campaigning for the settlement in the States that will finally count. After meeting the stiff Americanism of the Middle West, with its vast polyglot European population, he will have to bear down the ingrained distrust of Japan, whose seat is the Pacific slope. It is a terrific task, and Mr. Wilson's gifts are hardly those of the campaigner.

* * *

THERE is one new element in Mr. Wilson's enterprise. The President will have to devote nearly as many speeches to the industrial crisis as to the Treaty. There is a partial understanding that the Cabinet is to be given a few months' respite from strikes in the great industries—pending a settlement in the railway world, the development of the assault upon profiteering, and the attempt to redeem the somewhat rash Government pledge to reduce the cost of living this year by 25 per cent. The President, by adroit handling, has got the Railroad Brotherhoods provisionally on his side; but it is extremely doubtful how far the authority of the executives will carry with the railroad shopmen and the large bodies of other workers in the restless Western States. The coal-miners are moving towards a demand for a thirty-hour week, while in the enormous army of steel workers the struggle approaches for collective bargaining and a full recognition of the unions. On the one hand, there are signs of a slide to moderate counsels. On the other is the fact that American Big Business has been perilously slow in adjusting itself to modern Labor. We note one suggestive illustration. When the Joint Industrial Conference was convened at Westminster, six months ago, it was authoritatively said that such a gathering was unimaginable in America. A few days ago Mr. Wilson decided to adopt this expedient. The invitations to the conference have already gone out.

* * *

We suppose that Cabinet Ministers can properly talk to dustmen on the "dangers of materialism." They make, we are pleased to observe, the reservation that the workman still wants something else beside "eating and drinking and living in fine houses," having, in fact, never experienced the last of these three joys, and being occasionally stinted in respect of the other two. But we wish that old spokesmen of Labor, like Mr. Barnes, would abstain from sneers at those friends of it who have been to "Oxford or Cambridge" "or some other place," and thought themselves "superior persons." When representatives or ex-representatives of Labor make an almost entirely futile appearance on a great European stage, they might reflect that, through no fault of their own, they were outwitted there, and might inquire into the reasons. One of them might perhaps be the lack of that culture which is the key to power. One would despair of the Labor cause if one thought that ideas like those of Mr. Barnes about higher education were going to govern it. But they happen to reverse all the best thinking in the Labor movement.

Politics and Affairs.

LABOR AND NAVAL DISARMAMENT.

THE veteran sailor who made the fleet that destroyed Germany and won the war for the Allies has written a remarkable letter to the "Times." Lord Fisher is horrified at the waste of money on the Navy. Why should a fleet, which in 1904, with the German fleet in being, cost 34 millions, cost 140 millions in 1919, with the German fleet at the bottom of the sea? This fleet, which has nothing to fight against, has become an obsolete as well as a horribly expensive toy. Half of it, says Lord Fisher, "wants scrapping and the other half will be equally useless in a very few years." Away, then, with this monstrous sap on the nation's strength, and turn out the whole spendthrift "crew." "Sack the lot!"

Thus speaks the only living man of original genius for maritime war, the contriver of the one decisive naval action which marked the conflict of 1914 to 1918. Lord Fisher is a trifle given to parable and even to hyperbole; and his critics complain that he has taken no account of vanishing charges in the existing cost of the Navy or of the "police" work which, as long as the Empire exists, it is bound to perform. It is possible. The world of the unimaginative, in which our fortunate lot is cast, is wont to regard the trimmings of the prophet's robe more closely than his message; and if they happen to be frayed a little, to set him down as a person of no importance. But in the substance of his argument Lord Fisher is so right that we should have thought only a politician or a hack journalist could have proclaimed him to be wrong.

Doubtless disarmament is not an absolutely fated or inevitable thing. The people who have almost destroyed us may be able to finish their work, though not till every country in which they pursue it has been turned into a poor-house, after having been the scene of an unsuccessful revolution. But there is no need to despair of the future of society, in spite of the grave breach which the war has made in its amenities and in its store of material wealth. It contains the elements of a poor, but not of an evil or an unhappy world. Only, its rock of salvation must be founded on international peace. And international peace must begin on the seas. We may reserve a measure of police work for the ships and gendarmes of the League of Nations to perform on a recalcitrant or an uncivilized member. We may even carry on to this reconstituted world, in its making, an outstanding problem of sea-power, in the shape of a possible conflict between America and Japan. Such an issue need never arise, and could have but one end. But the after-war panorama of the seas suggests that the age of Armadas, as that of pirates, is over. On what scale of Dreadnoughts will the naval architect of the future build against seaplane and submarine? What contractor will set his wits to work against what Mr. Birrell calls the "pleasing possibilities of chemistry?" And what politician will dare to enter a Parliament or a ~~Soviet~~ with a bomb-proof plan for an invincible Navy? The ~~g~~ fleets have already ceased to exist. Lord Fisher declares the greatest, the most efficient, and the most practised of them all to be little better than a mass of scrap-iron. The other European fleets are more obsolete still, and are in the

hands of bankrupt States, with their peoples inflamed against militarism to the point of insurrection. Given an Anglo-American arrangement, and a suitable invitation to Japan to join it and respect the peace of the Dominions, as we shall respect hers, and all the Grand Fleets can disappear together. We can then confine our naval armaments to a handful of swift cruisers or destroyers, while we lay the ribs of the last Dreadnought to rest beside those of the mastodon.

Now, there seems no reason why this simple fruit of the world-war should not at once be gathered in, and a very few millions a year furnish us with all the ships of war we want. But to a world like ours the simplest things in politics appear to be the most difficult. It is governed by the men, mostly of low intellect and character, who negotiated the peace. And it seems to be so unmanageable that only the restraining hand of the Greater Powers can retain the semblance of social order. The second difficulty is a phantom of the war. In a world wanting food and work, the power which holds the door to the industrial revival yields a heavier weapon than Dreadnoughts and 20-inch guns. But let us admit that nothing is more necessary to the peace of society than to raze from its memory the immoral ideas of the war and rid it of the men who interpret them. If the gods really designed Europe as sport for its Churchills and Pichons, there is no hope for her, and we must resign ourselves to see our special form of civilization flow away to America. There lies the whole political contention. Who shall govern the world? In effect a militarist clique controls the policy of England and France, who in their turn control the foreign policy of the world, America and part of Asia excepted.

Now these men have brought their countries within hailing distance of irreparable ruin. They spend without taxing, make war under cover of peace, use force without limit and distribute it without justice or reason. For this command of irrational violence unsupported by any kind of popular authority, they are absolutely dependent on armaments. But democracy, the heir of government, is pacific, and would abolish armaments. Who is to win? If the militarists succeed, democracy may cease for a time to exist as a saving force in society, and may become, as some appearances in Russia suggest, a merely explosive element, armed with a finer apparatus of death than any of its forerunners. But this case of naval disarmament is not "up to" Russian communists at all. It is remitted to the Power which holds the seas, and to the sober moderation of our own Labor Party. Their representatives in Parliament, we know, are singularly weak in will and argumentative resource. But the mass behind it is of overwhelming strength, and if it is united on anything, it is on disarmament. That was the urge of Liberalism for years before the war, and is its definite legacy to the social Radicalism which has more or less replaced it. But for British Labor, which essays to govern, disarmament is the key, not only to all its greater aspirations—constructive social reform, an educational programme, the nationalization of monopolies—but to power itself. Labor, we presume, is "out" to destroy government by caste. But militarism is the spirit of caste. Its social traditions and educational ideas are, in their nature, anti-democratic. Labor, therefore, is beaten unless it succeeds in cutting the War Estimates down to the bone. It owes a victory to Europe, to the faith and hope of the future. It is equally bound to strike for itself.

"THOU ART THE MAN."

DEATH-BED repents are seldom satisfactory performances. They offend either by their abjectness or by the suspicion of their insincerity. Our Government, in its sudden conversion to economy, has contrived to combine the two offences. Mr. George's solemn notice to the spending departments produces a flutter of showy retrenchment. These in turn will convince the public that everywhere departmental officials have been guilty of extravagance and waste. Sudden and sensational stoppages of work in themselves involve great waste and much hardship to the displaced workers. But they are intended to convey the notion that our good Prime Minister has just discovered these iniquities and is determined to put down the wasteful official with the same strong hand as the wicked profiteer. Two scapegoats may help a tottering Government to escape the wrath to come. We cannot better brand the meanness of this shifting of the First Lord of the Treasury's responsibility than by quoting the accurate description of it by Mr. Gibson Bowles: "He could have prevented any or all of them. His is the fault, if any. He it is who is responsible to Parliament; he and nobody else. It is idle to whimper over heads of departments, subordinates, and motor cars. *He is the man.*"

But Mr. George's facile confession of other people's sins will not enable him to escape the wrath to come. He assumes that the credulous public on being shown "the wasteful official" and "the wicked profiteer" will follow them and boo at them, and that so he and his Government will be let alone. And this might be the case if his anti-profiteering stunt and his official economy stunt were co-operating with other broader tendencies to bring about a fall of prices. It is the failure to reduce prices, or even to prevent them from rising higher, that is going to undo Mr. George and to make his sensational retrenchment of no avail. It is the Nemesis of his "knock-out-blow," of his blockade, of his semi-starvation of half Europe, of his oppressive peace, of his Russian and Hungarian policy, and of his pandering to Protection. For it is these things that have stopped the economic recovery of Europe, disabled her from feeding herself, cut down her coal supply by more than a third, and prevented her factories from getting to work. Though the full brunt of these troubles may not fall upon our people, it is quite evident that supplies of ordinary foods and clothes and fuel are going to be so short and dear this winter as to destroy what waning confidence remains in our Government. The people, when they see that prices are still rising, will not be "reasonable." They may expend some of their anger on profiteers. But they will have plenty left for the Government, which they will rightly suspect of bringing them to this pass.

This instinctive suspicion is amply justified by closer economic considerations. The two factors in high prices, the shortage of the supply of commodities and the profusion of money, are both governmental in origin. If prices are to fall, there must be increased supplies of goods, or deflation of currency, or both. The Government has persisted in keeping down supplies of goods, and goes on printing money. There is a great to-do this week about the cessation of the mad policy of embargoes on imports, though some of the articles which we could most advantageously import from the Continent are still proscribed under the denomination of "unstable key industries." Moreover, we shall watch with interest the not unnatural endeavor of the toy trade, the trade in fancy leather goods, fancy stationery, and other new industries stimulated by the Government early in the war, to demand continued protection against cheaper or better

goods from Germany or elsewhere. Indeed, the renewal of trade relations with Germany is certain to bring all the Protectionist guns into the field. Scientific products, the surplus manufactured goods of the cartels, cheap luxury articles, in fact anything that Germany has to send us, must be kept out under one or other of the powers still claimed by our Protectionist Government. For Germany must try to pay her reparation in the shape of cheap exports, and these cheap exports our business-politicians insist upon refusing.

The object and result of these continued restrictions upon imports are manifest. They are to shorten supplies in this country and so enable our home manufacturers to control prices. In a word, all restraints on free importation feed profiteering, and for the Government that sanctions the restraints to set up tribunals to deal with profiteering is a piece of impudent hypocrisy. But this is only half the trouble. The immediately pressing grievance is the governmental bungling over transport in this country. The Report of the Port and Transit Committee just issued shows that the internal machinery for distributing the goods brought to our ports has broken down. The consequence is that the storage accommodation at every great port is congested with goods which instead of being cleared quickly are left for weeks and months before they can be got away, while ships, instead of being unloaded as soon as they arrive, are kept waiting for berths. There were fifty lying idle at Liverpool on August 23rd. Now the two chief related causes of this stoppage of supplies are the shortage of available rolling stock and the suspension of coastwise traffic. The insistence of the Government on keeping railway traffic rates on the pre-war level (largely responsible for the huge deficit which taxpayers must make up), while sea-borne rates have risen high, has thrown the whole work of shifting goods on to the railways at a time when rolling stock and labor have been greatly reduced. Instead of raising railway rates the Government now propose to subsidize coastwise shipping. Moreover, the trouble is aggravated by using the big ports for holding naval and army stores and for demobilization traffic instead of distributing this work as widely as possible. The slow rate of demobilization is also responsible for the lack of labor in the repair and building work of the railways.

In a word, wherever we touch this question of shortage, high prices, and profiteering, we drive back to governmental bungling. No doubt our difficulties in getting in foreign supplies to supplement our own is only half our trouble. The other half consists in the low productivity of our own industries. Though partly due to shortage of materials from abroad, this slackness of production is undoubtedly to a large extent a failure of the will to work. That failure, however, is closely related, both on the side of Labor and of Capital, to distrust in Government. Labor is looking in vain for a redemption of those bright promises of a better life of which our statesmen were so prodigal during the years of war. Labor is conscious it has been duped and is restive. Capital is equally shy. Our great employers see a bad peace and an unintelligent and fluctuating economic policy that disables them from counting on the future and calculating costs, prices, and the tendency of markets. They know that public finance is on the edge of bankruptcy, and that unknown and unreasonable claims may be made upon them in the shape of taxes. They see no considered endeavor to regulate the monetary system or to restore exchange, and they fear that this Government may resort to new ruinous subsidies in order to buy off the public anger at the continuous rise of prices

for food, fuel, and clothing. Under such circumstances in vain do publicists and Labor leaders preach high productivity. Until this Government is replaced by one that commands the confidence of business men and workers in its integrity and capacity, the powers of production now withheld will not be liberated.

THE JUNGLE IN THE EAST.

DURING the progress of the world-war the experts were in the main agreed that its moving cause was the contest for the possession of the great high road of the East. That was the underlying issue which made enemies of imperial Austria and imperial Russia, and it was round their antagonism that the various aims and obligations of the other belligerents were grouped. It is ten months since the war was decided, and still this question is open. Save that the fate of Constantinople and the Straits is in the hands of the Allies, and that Great Britain holds the far end of the road in Mesopotamia, nothing as yet is finally decided. We do not know in what form or to what extent or under whose protection the core of the Ottoman Empire may survive. The claims of Greece and Italy and France in Asia Minor and Syria are still the subject of hot contention, and Armenia waits with strained attention to learn whether after all, in spite of her growing distaste for the complications of the Old World, America may from sheer pity, for no other motive will weigh with her, assume a "mandate" to protect the remnant of a martyred race. For our part we do not find it an edifying spectacle that the European Allies, after first assigning to themselves all the wealthy areas awaiting distribution, the rich alluvial plains, the oil-wells and the tropical sources of rubber and vegetable fats, should press America to take the one region in which no hunter of concessions has yet discovered an asset. It is a high compliment to the idealism of Mr. Wilson's countrymen, but it involves some reflection on the rest of us.

None the less we fully share the general wish that America may be induced to accept a mandate not merely for Armenia but for Constantinople also. She is the only Power which can act as the guardian of the Straits without arousing the jealousy and suspicion of European States, great and small; or, to be more precise, she is the only Power which combines a disinterested attitude in all the racial and strategic questions of the Near East with naval and military force enough to put her occupation beyond challenge. She is indeed so strong that she has only to hoist her flag on Galata Tower to be obeyed: from the moment of her acceptance of the mandate the strategic questions would vanish. What makes to our thinking even more powerfully for her selection is, she has already in Robert College a moral base from which to act. Constantinople, well governed under American influence, would be much more than a free port. It might become once more, what it was only at the height of the Eastern Empire, the intellectual centre of the East. We ourselves have cherished the dream that under an international system it might have become the capital of the League of Nations. Short of that it might well be a focus from which intellectual, and, above all, moral influences may radiate over the Balkan Peninsula. Failing America's acceptance we must make the best of a joint administration under the League of Nations. No other candidate comes into serious consideration. Admiral Koltchak's ambition is an audacious joke, and only an enemy of Greece would tempt her to incur the bitter jealousy of all her neighbors.

From all that can be gleaned of the settlement of

Balkan questions now awaiting conclusion in Paris, one fears that it registers only the weariness and the disillusionments of the Conference. After failing to realize any liberal ideal in the major work of the peace with Germany, it was not to be expected that the less authoritative statesmen left behind to deal with the dregs of the problem in Paris would startle us by any big constructive work in the Balkans. Apart from the rather numerous questions in which the Great Powers have to adjudicate between the lesser Allies, the chief questions concern the future of Bulgaria and Albania. For the latter State we have always held that only one solution is radically bad—its partition among covetous neighbors. To scatter fragments among Jugo-Slavia, Italy and Greece, and then to leave a little central zone nominally independent under that barbarous adventurer Essad Pasha, is to destroy all hope of any cultural advance for this promising and attractive race. The fragments under foreign rule would be denationalized and exploited with varying degrees of ruthlessness: the zone under Essad would stagnate. Unity is to our thinking more vital at the moment than independence, and if no other solution were available we should prefer an Italian protectorate over the whole area delimited after careful enquiries on the spot by the Conference of London.

The bigger question is that of Bulgaria, and given the mentality of the Conference, one fears that this resolves itself mainly into one of rewards and punishments. That is a flagrantly short-sighted principle. As the eddies of the world-war swayed to and fro, each of these States took up a position towards the Allies. Serbia alone had no choice. The others calculated, bargained, or submitted to coercion. In each case the decision lay with a tiny governing clique, or even with one man, and no one who has fathomed the realism of the Balkan mind will suggest without inward laughter that ideals played any part in it whatever. Was it an ideal, for example, which ranged the Roumania that is disgracing us and herself at Budapest upon our side?

In Greece and Bulgaria the Kings were both against us, and the peoples were both, we believe, in the main for neutrality. Greece was dragged in only because our one strong partisan, M. Venizelos, was able to consolidate himself under our protection at Salonica, and only then when our Fleet had blockaded his country and deposed its King. Bulgaria took the other side, partly because she had a real grievance against Serbia, partly because she dreaded Tsarist Russia, partly because our diplomacy was singularly maladroit, but chiefly because she is a land power. Our Fleet could not dominate Sofia as it dominated Athens. To reward the one and punish the other for this geographical accident would be a whimsical play with justice. In point of fact the Bulgarian people, in spite of its natural feud against Serbia, never was behind King Ferdinand's policy. The opposition which openly resisted him was only three votes short of a majority in the Chamber, and would actually have had a majority but for the Moslem deputies from Thrace, who naturally voted for war on the side of the Turks. Nothing but the most drastic repression, under a German occupation, with preventive censorship for the Press, prison for the leaders of the opposition, and for the army the tight rein of a court-martial which passed 6,000 sentences, availed to keep the people passive. In the end the system broke down.

The sagacities and miscalculations of Balkan policy, as the kings and statesmen gambled on the prospects of the Russian steam-roller, the Mackensen phalanx, and the British fleet, are remote from the realities of this settlement. We would admit but one principle, and that

is the principle of nationalities in Mr. Wilson's Balkan "point." We should wholly disregard strategical considerations. If a map were drawn which gave to each of these States a wholly indefensible frontier, we should congratulate them all upon it. That would be a pledge for future peace. Neither would we propose to violate nationality in order to provide ports and coasts for one or the other of them. The more they learn to use railways and harbors in common, the better for them all. Salonica, Kavalla, and Constantinople must all be free ports under the League of Nations, and the railways that serve the Hinterland must also be internationalized.

Subject to these preliminary conditions, the only satisfactory course is to take a *plébiscite* in the disputed areas. That is hardly necessary, though it might be expedient in the Dobrudja. We have ourselves no doubt whatever (and our opinion rests on a somewhat intimate personal knowledge of their rural population) that Central and Western Macedonia ("the uncontested zone" of the 1912 Treaty), is Bulgarian by race, language and emphatic choice. In no disputed region of Europe, not in Alsace nor yet in Posen or Silesia, has the population proved so often by the passive endurance of persecution and the active testimony of rebellion, its devotion to a national idea. In that opinion we believe that every resident European, from consuls to missionaries, would concur. Let the question, however, be put to the vote, but it must be under the occupation of European troops and under conditions in which neither Serbian nor Bulgarian officials can exercise the least influence in the remotest village. Refugees, needless to say, must be free to return. If the Powers cannot bring themselves, even if the vote should call for it, to assent to a Bulgarian annexation, then we should urge one of two alternatives. Let there be created an autonomous zone of Macedonia under the League of Nations, or at the least, if Serbian sovereignty must be imposed, let it be with a stringent Home Rule clause, under the supervision of the League, such as is proposed for the Ruthenian province incorporated in Tchecho-Slovakia.

It is much harder to dogmatize about the two sections of Thrace, lying east and west of the Maritsa. The coast, in both regions, has a mainly Greek population. The Western mountains are inhabited by Pomacks, Bulgar by race but Moslem by religion. In Eastern Thrace there used to be a considerable Bulgarian minority, but it was diminished by recent persecutions: the majority is Turkish. Neither Christian element has the majority, and the preferences of the Moslems must be considered, but they cannot be assumed. The Western portion has been under Bulgarian rule since the Balkan war. Save for proved misrule, or (what cannot be alleged) on clear grounds of nationality, it would be a wanton act to disturb her. About Eastern Thrace it must be remembered that this land is absurdly under-peopled. If Bulgaria is going to be excluded from Macedonia, then failing a clear verdict on grounds of nationality, there is something to be said for leaving to her an area in which immigrants and refugees can settle. Greece, with the least military effort and sacrifice of any belligerent in this war, is about to receive an immense extension of territory. To her great gains from 1912 she will add Smyrna, and, we firmly hope, our own Cyprus, and Rhodes which the Italians hold. Serbia will realize her dream of racial unity to the fullest extent, and so also will Roumania, a less sympathetic ally.

In 1912 Balkan politicians used to invoke the balance of power. It is a disastrous principle, but to-day if we were to appeal to it (as we do not) it would tell in favor of Bulgaria. That race has great qualities

of industry, patience, and organization. It is not prudent to deny to her alone the satisfaction of sound national claims. Her peasants are weary of war. In the elections just held their votes have gone with a solid swing to the parties of the Left which opposed the last adventure, and especially to the Socialists. It would be easy to make her, even with a modest recognition of justice, a bulwark of peace. Europe itself has too sorry a record in the Balkans to indulge in censorious harshness. No Balkan race has a moral past, and Europe has taught cynicism to them all. We would like to think that our Foreign Office, which knows the ethnographical facts as well as anyone, was backing the efforts of America to lift the Balkan settlement out of the atmosphere of the jungle.

A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

MAKE a senseless and conscienceless Treaty, and when the victims of its ruin protest, lecture them in the style of the "Daily Mail," accompanied by a delicate hint that Might is Right and an admonishing touch of the jackboot. That is the gracious manner of French diplomacy, and the Allies have learnt it to the letter. But what does America think of the Notes from Paris? It will not, I suppose, be denied that Mr. Wilson would have granted the Austrian plea for "self-determination" in the matter of union with Germany. The French stripped him of that piece of self-consistency as they did of every rag of idealism in the President's first draft of Article 10. Is it then surprising that as the book of the Treaty of Versailles is opened and the curious con its pages in vain to discover one trace of Wilsonism, Liberal and Conservative America should turn the whole volume down? But that again is a fact of some seriousness. America, flouted in the council chamber, is none the less the true determinant of the Treaty which she did not want. She must pay for the plumes and sabre of French militarism, if they are ever paid for at all. And she alone can make and keep a tolerable settlement in the Near East. Yet what chance remains of her accepting a mandate for Armenia or for the administration of Constantinople under the League? I inquired of one of the ablest of living Americans, at a time when the world knew nothing of the flouts and injuries of Paris. "No, sir," was his emphatic reply. Judge how America's reluctance must have grown since the truth about the making of the Treaty (or a little of it) came to light.

NEARLY all Mr. Henderson's helpers who have been questioned about Widnes speak confidently of his election, and by a good majority. That would be a great event, convincing everybody who is open to conviction that the country is sick to death of the Government, and wants to be rid of it. For if Toryism cannot hold Widnes, it certainly cannot hold England, and when the Tory party goes, the Government goes. But that would not be the only moral of Mr. Henderson's return. A good share of it would be due to Labor. But the treaty with Liberalism will have stood for something too. The two parties gave each other the *coup de grâce* last winter after Mr. George had fallen on them. Labor's opposition to Liberalism was no doubt deliberate. It conceived itself as the heir of the Liberal estate, and would not consent even to a division of the goods.

Since then a new element has come into our politics. That is the state of the nation. It is

almost revolutionary, and the Labor leaders do not want revolution. It might be an excellent way out for some politicians who are not doing quite as well as they expected out of the war. But it would finish Europe. Now Labor may not feel itself equipped for the sole work of Government, and yet realize that the time has come for it to assume its full share of responsibility. The alternative then would seem to be in a combination, based (need it be said?) on a definite treaty with Labor, and a concerted plan for conducting the industrial order. It seems clear that the parties to such a compact would be Labor, democratic Toryism, and the free, progressive Liberal-Radicals, and that its policy should be a Reconciliation in Europe under the rule of a democratized League of Nations, the levelling of economic barriers, disarmament, a levy on war-made profits and a return to honest finance, the joint control of industry, and the nationalization, under a scheme which may be as gradual as you like, of mines and railways. Is not this the moral of Widnes—and of much else?

SIMPLE souls must be beginning to find internal politics a trifle beyond them. Here is Lord Northcliffe attacking the Prime Minister; and Lord Northcliffe's brother acquitting him and attacking Mr. Bonar Law, and having his defence and attack reprinted in the "Daily Mail," the organ of Lord Northcliffe. Here is the Prime Minister telling Lord Rothermere that he must not attack any one ex-Minister. Here, in spite of this chivalrous defence, is Mr. Bonar Law being attacked, and through him the great Conservative Party which, after all, keeps Mr. George in office. But why was he attacked at all? He is an amiable man, utterly loyal to Mr. George, not to say in a state of mesmeric submission to him, and in any case doing exactly the kind of spade-work that enables his admired chief to pose as a demigod of war and world-settlement. I feel for him; all men feel for him, as for the pianist of the Wild West saloon, doing his best under cover of its revolvers. But then one has to feel in turn for so many colleagues of Mr. George that one's sensibilities are apt to be blunted by perpetual usage and eternal divisibility. There are cynics who see in these blows at old Toryism a design to set Mr. George free of its bit and curb, and running once again, a mustang of the plains, fit for democracy's mount. But then it is so easy to be cynical.

I READ in the congenial columns of the "Daily News" and on its front page a thrilling description of the "great fight" of seventeen rounds between a British and an American boxer. I read that in the third round the American's ribs "looked quite scarlet"; that in the fourth a "spurt of blood came from Beckett's nostril" that in the fifth "the Yankee's eyes glazed"; that in the seventh the crowd yelled for Beckett to "go in and finish," but that the unconquered McGoorty "took a bleeding mouth to his chair"; that in the ninth McGoorty "kept spitting blood as he moved round"; that in the eleventh it was Beckett's turn to have his blood drawn; but that in the thirteenth, "the most gory round of the fight," McGoorty was "covered in blood"; that in the fourteenth Beckett's face "again streamed blood"; and that in the seventeenth Beckett, "going like a tiger," twice knocked McGoorty down and finished him. I suppose all this battering and blood-letting must be regarded as a highly improving performance, appealing to all parties, for Royalty and the "Daily Herald" seem to take

equal delight in it. Otherwise one might have been tempted to think that the world had had nearly enough of it. Even for "sport."

A FRIEND freshly arrived from Budapest gave me a rather lurid account of the fall of Bela Kun's Government. Much of its earlier idealism had gone with the sincere and high-minded Lukacs, and its reckless issues of paper money, the failure of its industries (every one of which was run at a loss), the coercion of the peasants, who refused the worthless "white money," and would only part with their food in exchange for goods, the shortage of food supplies and the return to poor and unequal rations, did the rest. While Government officials, who fed in the hotels, had their three meat meals a day, the staff were forced to go back to cabbage soup. The Red Guards would make forays into the country districts, shoot a few countrymen, and leave a trail of blood and hatred behind them. In the end the workmen became alienated, and all but two battalions of the Army were ready to desert. The wretched Roumanians did nothing but loot, and had no part in the reaction which the failure of Communism made inevitable. Between bad leadership and the blockade it never had a chance.

I CAME upon a curious prediction in Harriet Martineau's Autobiography, an unjustly neglected book, but not greatly given to prophecy. The old Liberal is writing of the Crimean War, and in her concluding chapter she has this:

"I now expect, as I have anticipated for many years, a war in Europe which may even outlast the century—with occasional lulls; and I suppose the result must be, after a dreary chaotic interval, a discarding of the existing worn-out methods of government, and probably the establishment of society under a wholly new idea. Of course, none but a prophet could be expected to declare what that new idea will be. It would be rational, but it is not necessary here to foretell what it would not be or include. But all that I feel called on to say now, when I am not writing a political essay, is that the leading feature of any such radical change must be a deep modification of the institution of Property—certainly in regard to land, and probably in regard to much else."

Sixty-four years ago, and a pretty good forecast of the Soviet.

Two books of the highest interest and importance should appear in the course of the autumn. The one is Mr. J. M. Keynes's examination of the economic policy of the Allies; the other is Mr. Walter Roch's account of Mr. Lloyd George's war policy and the diplomacy, British and European, which led up to and formed the situation of 1914. Both writers are very able men; and their work should have distinction as well as great critical value.

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

THE CIVILIAN WAR-MIND.—III.

THE war-mind is best studied in the educated classes. There the surrender of what is most personal or individual in temper and disposition shews itself with most distinctness. Swept along by the "consciousness of kind," our intellectuals freely sacrificed their critical faculty upon the altar of patriotism, exulting in the comfort and security which they liked to designate discipline. And, indeed, the fear-begotten huddling for warmth and safety when the sacred barriers of class and standing were lowered to permit a generous sociality and a free co-operation

for the common good, had its amiable aspect. The easy contacts between gentry and shopkeepers, employer and employed, rich and poor, seemed to some war-enthusiasts the beginning of the social millennium. For everybody to be told what to do and to be glad to do it appeared a remedy for all the troublesome intestinal diseases of Society. Soldiers were under discipline. In the new war, waged with all the resources of the nations, civilians, too, must be under discipline. So this condition of the herd-mind came to be called discipline.

But the submergence of personality is not really discipline. Even in the soldier it is not. For though an automatic and mechanically accurate response to the word of command belongs to military virtue, it by no means exhausts its meaning. In every grade of military service some personal initiative and responsibility survives as an essential of service: the human individual will must be kept alive if it were only for endurance. Nor does the soldier's relations either to his fellows or to his enemy cancel the personality so completely as in the civilian herd-mind. *Esprit de corps* is both tempered by and expressed in a comradeship which nourishes some fine qualities of personality. Moreover, it is especially noteworthy that the purely collective sentiments towards the enemy, as well as the intensity of hate, are far less marked among the combatants than among the spectators. "Jingoism" is a spectatorial passion. It is natural that this should be so. For the soldier acquires some realization of the enemy as consisting of human beings more or less like himself in their personal ways of going on and subject to the same conditions. The mind of the civilian spectator, on the other hand, having less vent for his sharpened feelings in directly relevant actualities, and watching from a distance the great aggregate of movement and events, loses all sense of the personal factors that are involved, except so far as the few relatives and friends he has at the front are concerned. As he watches with a fearful fascination the play of impersonal forces, over which he is conscious of exercising no control, his civilian discipline becomes a superstitious servility. He is the tribesman cowering before the authority of his chief and the fetishes and taboos of the tribe: the images of King and Country, the portrait of Kitchener, the stabbing words of placards, the dictates of Controllers, become "the word of the Lord," to question which is the unpardonable sin.

It is sometimes contended that this temporary abandonment of liberty and personality is a sound policy of such an emergency as war. War revives the primitive economies of the biological struggle for survival. Individual or factional criticism and the exercise of personal choice and judgment are so much friction on the wheels of the war chariot. The personal rights good for peace are bad for war. By this argument have been defended military and industrial conscription, the persecution of conscientious objectors, the repression of liberties of speech, press, and meeting, the imprisonment upon suspicion and without trial by administrative action, and, in short, the claim of absolute power by the Executive. The accepted maxim, *inter armis silent leges*, includes the abrogation of all personal rights and the substitution of the absolute will of the State. It is admitted that this doctrine and practice are pure Prussianism, that they are intolerable in time of peace, but it is held that they are necessary for the duration of the war. It is unsafe to dogmatize upon what is a very delicate and difficult problem of social economy. "In a tight place you must do anything to win," or, in other words, necessity knows no law. Such is the contention. Such was the defence which German statecraft gave for invading Belgium. We say a false defence, because there was no such "necessity." That may very well be true. But once grant this plea of necessity and you soon discover that necessity is a matter of degree and is stretched to cover every strong case of utility.

An excellent instance was the Secret Treaty under which we undertook to deliver to Italy lands and populations to which she had no rightful claim, and which were not ours to give. The importance of getting Italy into the war and evoking her best effort presented

itself in the guise of a "necessity," and on that ground alone has our assent to this treaty been defended. But only in a constructive or secondary sense can the term necessity be applied here: it was necessary only to improve our chance of success in the grand struggle. The syllogism runs thus. It is necessary for us to win: this action assists us to win: therefore this action is necessary. But in the first place the minor premise is defective. Everything that helps is not essential to success. Even the major premise may be questioned. In what sense is it *necessary* to win? It is, we argue, a moral necessity, in the sense that the right is on our side and it is morally necessary for the right to triumph. But granting the right is on our side, may every sort of wrong be committed in defending "the right"? May we give Italy the property of another in order to punish Germany for wronging Belgium? Along this declivity one soon reaches the lower moral level of "All is fair in love and war," a concise, popular application of this doctrine of necessity to the two chief forms of the biological struggle for survival.

Indeed, so far as war goes, experience shews that this maxim is closely operative. There is nothing an enemy may not be driven to do in an extremity, no act of cruelty or treachery against his opponent, no invasion of the rights of neutrals. Necessity is at last reduced to the convenience of the moment. True, we are apt to defend each inhuman practice by alleging the example of the enemy. But this is a weakness in the logic of war. For if we are justified in using poison gas or in bombing undefended towns, in order not to leave to the enemy whatever advantage accrues from these barbarities, we are justified in initiating these or any other practices on the ground that they conduce to our success and shorten the destruction of war. "He did it first" confesses shame without avoiding guilt: the charge recoils on the confessor.

There will be some (they are called moralists) who will plead in ancient style that as there are certain deeds which the virtuous man should rather die than do, so there are likewise deeds so essentially degrading to a nation that its statesmen or its generals should not sanction them, however "necessary" they may seem. Better our nation perish than win salvation by such dishonor!

But here, perhaps, we have wandered into a moral *impasse*. For even a sin-stained life of freedom may seem preferable to destruction or (the real issue) to subjection to a still more guilty enemy. Let us, therefore, return to the more profitable enquiry whether the repression of liberty and personality in war-time in order to present a smooth unbroken front to the enemy is a true policy in civilized society. Is this servile, credulous, passionate, vain-glorious, uncritical herd-mind necessary or serviceable for "survival" purposes? Granted it is sound tactics for buffaloes, or wolves, or for primitive men, is it sound for a civilized community? Can reason, private judgment, personal control, contribute so little to the conduct of a modern nation in jeopardy of its life that they are rightly jettisoned in order to throw ourselves upon the self-protective instincts evolved for protection against the dangers that beset our ancestors in neolithic times? Can it be pretended that these blind emotional defences afford the best available security against the intricate designs of modern aggression? No one pretends it of military defence. That is a science and an art, and demands for its practitioners, or at least for many of them, the retention and application of high qualities of personality. But can the true economy for civilian defence be essentially different? Will a good buffalo-mind, consolidated into instinctive unity, do what is wanted?

No. Personal qualities of judgment, reason, imagination, initiation, self-control, are evidently endowed with high survival value, both for individual and for society. They are evolved for this end, and the more critical the emergency the greater their value. Nor will it suffice to say that the national discipline of wartime confines the exercise of the high personal qualities to the leaders and demands of the followers a blind obedience. It is not true that such absolute authority

is good for a nation at war. Certain emergency powers are rightly exercised by the executive government under these circumstances and certain limitations of individual liberty are involved. Espionage and other communication with the enemy, enemy-trading, must be stopped, and this stoppage involves censorship of news and other regulations and restrictions: movement of troops and supplies of war materials must have priority in transport and in other economic arrangements, involving various curtailments of ordinary private facilities. Such restraints upon liberty of action are the necessary back-strokes of war.

But there are two rightful conditions for the exercise of these emergency powers. The first is that the powers claimed should be definite in scope and application; the second, a corollary, is that persons arrested under these emergency laws should be charged and tried in accordance with the established usages of justice in this country. The violation of these elementary principles of British law and justice under the administration of D.O.R.A. did not help to win the war. The arrest and imprisonment of many persons without charge or trial, the prosecution and punishment of others for uttering words or circulating literature calculated to interfere with recruiting or to undermine military discipline, or for being in possession of such literature, or for other infractions of the elastic orders of "the competent military authority," so far from helping to "defend the realm," undermined the moral securities upon which the realm is built.

It has been contended that these arbitrary acts were necessary in order to cope with active treason. But our law had ample provisions for the trial and punishment of persons charged with this crime. It was not active treason against which these arbitrary powers were directed, but freedom of speech and publication of opinion. Now the attempt to stop or stifle liberty of opinion is the most fatal act a Government can commit. For it saps the moral confidence of the people upon whose will or consent the Government professes to be based. A reasonable and informed public opinion is particularly necessary to support that larger practical authority claimed by a State at war. The right of free criticism of public policy and of access to all knowledge needed to make such criticism effective which can safely be communicated, is the prime safeguard of public sanity. No Government can be released from the wholesome check of this free criticism. The attempt of a Government not merely to stop the free formation and expression of opinion, but to form an authorized and uniform opinion by subsidized propaganda is the deadliest of all attacks on liberty.

For if the will and consent of the people can be doped and moulded according to the desire and interest of the persons who compose the Government, the representative system is reduced to an empty form, devoid of intellectual or moral contents. And it cannot be denied that this doping and moulding of opinion was practised. Nor was it merely a war measure. Long after the war was over it was continued. The peace-making at Paris and the important happenings over half the continent during that time and since have been subjected to Governmental selection, suppression, and falsification, in order that public opinion may not work freely.

This deliberate suppression of the vital activities of a free personality during the war in order to produce and maintain an unintelligent and unreasoning unanimity was a damaging economy in war-time. For a Government, endowed with absolute power and released from criticism, plunged into follies and extravagances which brought us several times to the very brink of military disaster, leaving a legacy of political and financial perils for peace statecraft to grapple with. But these evils of military autocracy are not the worst results. The suppression of free personality has left moral scars, the serious nature of which we only realize when the restoration of normal conditions of life and work demand a return of the reasonable mind. After five years' submergence, how can it be expected that a people should at once recover the qualities of clear judgment and self-restraint, consideration and fair play, they are now called upon to exercise in the processes of social reconstruction?

Time is wanted for recovery. It is a race with time. Unless recovery can set in fast enough, the civilization of Europe is passing into dissolution. How deeply has the poison of war entered into the mind of the peoples, how quickly may it pass away? Can we yet say with Prospero?

"The charm dissolves apace;
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason

—Their understanding
Begins to swell; and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shores
That now lie foul and muddy."

THE SILENCE OF LABOR.

SURELY the most dangerous feature of all our present discontents is the silence of Labor. Ignorant people talk vainly of wind-bags and demagogues, but who could, if challenged, point out half a dozen of these talkative pests? The trouble about Labor is not that it has too many speakers, but that it has too few; not that it is verbose, but that it is dumb. Middle-class theorists write for it and write well. But the workers, to whom power is being rapidly transferred from the hands of the bourgeoisie, form a body that has no tradition of self-expression. For generations it has been taught to get on with its work, to be seen as little as possible, preferably with cap in hand, and to be heard not at all. Now it can keep its cap upon its head and feels the sceptre in its grasp. But it has no speech to deliver from the throne. The people may have found its dominion, it has never found its voice.

Not that Labor is insensitive. It feels strongly enough, and its silence about the world must not be taken to mean consent. Talk to any group of miners, and in private conversation their views will emerge. They want no war against the consumer: far from it. It is the six-shilling rise, the wasteful system of coal-getting, and the combined chicanery and futility of private enterprise that they loathe. To take a single instance, the mining exploiter has a habit of working all the rich seams of coal and leaving all the poor. These poor seams could be economically worked if taken in conjunction with the rich: such a practice, obviously desirable from the public standpoint, is less remunerative than a rapid erosion of the best deposits. But the owner is not concerned to get the maximum amount of coal for the nation, but only the maximum amount of profit for himself. So he ravages the riches of the earth. All this the miner sees. And he sees the immense barriers of coal left between mine and mine owing to the system of private ownership. All around him is a world of waste, muddle, and extortion. Over him is a Government which treats its pledges with about as much care as it treats the taxpayers' money. He sees his sons growing up to the life and limitations of the pit. Of course he feels.

But, the man in the street may say, why does not he put his case? Of course, the capitalistic Press is closed against him; but even so, why does he act as he continually does? His response to the extortion of the merchants is to extort more for himself. He thinks only in terms of wages and hours, and by so doing seems in common opinion to attach himself to the unholy alliance against the public. Robert Smillie and Frank Hodges may speak out in different tones, but have they a solid backing? The answer is that Labor is baffled; it feels and feels strongly, but it still thinks in terms of the only philosophy that it has ever been taught. Its heart moves with the inspiration of co-operative production, but its mind works according to the principles of Gradgrind. All its heredity, all its environment have been supply and demand, iron laws of wage and subsistence; all its training has been industrial. Though the disturbing factor may be moral or political, its instinctive reaction is economic. Philosopher kings do not grow on pit banks or amid the squalid hells deemed fit for the heroes of the mine to live in.

Yet Labor must develop a voice, and it must broaden its outlook. For should Labor win power at the polls in the near future, it must come to the task of government armed with a foreign policy, a colonial policy, and an educational policy. There are no signs that Labor has distinctive policies on these topics to-day. In the present Parliament it neglects general debates, interpreting its duty in the narrowest sense. Men cannot live by wages alone. Shot through the ranks of Labor are many strands of hope, aspiration, and ideal, but these remain unexpressed. Except when hours and wages are at stake there is only a muddled murmur and no clear voice.

There is, however, one great and salutary sign. Labor is developing an unquenchable thirst for adult education. Any authority concerned with the provision of such education can testify to the demand. Adult schools are recovering from the shock of war. In most districts the W.E.A. is crying out for teachers to assist introductory and one-year classes. More University tutorial classes are demanded than can be provided; and the membership of a tutorial class, with its pledge for three years' consecutive study and the composition of fortnightly essays, is a formidable burden for a busy manual worker. The movement for adult education is not likely to suffer from having no difficulties to face. It is a recognized and established movement; but it has got far more work than it can at present handle.

The educational method that Labor demands is essentially Socratic. The workers have no use for the superior person who lectures for an hour from the textbook and departs unscathed. They are quite content to give the lecturer his hour of freedom, but then they demand the right of free debate and unlimited questions. Thus new ideas are swept into the tide of the class-thought and buffeted from wave to wave. It needs a tactful tutor to maintain freedom of thought and unity of purpose in the discussion. At one time every new class demanded economics or industrial history as a matter of course; now the choice is far more varied: modern political history, political theory, philosophy, psychology, and English literature are all included. The classes continue throughout the winter, and especially keen students can arrange to visit summer schools; this year, for instance, there have been schools at Oxford and Cambridge, at Bangor, Canterbury, and Saltburn, in addition to week-end sessions at London University.

The workers are numbered in millions, and such classes as these are numbered in hundreds. But they are there, and they are steadily growing. They are the fruit of much quiet and unrecognized drudgery. The interim report of the Committee on Adult Education, presided over by the Master of Balliol, can leave us in no doubt of the formidable barriers raised by night work, overtime, and general industrial fatigue. But the classes flourish, and, what is best of all, bear children like unto themselves. In North Staffordshire, for instance, a ring of study circles and class groups has been established in the mining villages, and these circles are often led by the old students of the Potteries tutorial classes. The joint committees look to the tutorial classes not only to make students, but to make teachers. After three or more years in such a class many students should be able to go out as missionaries for the cause.

There is a cant of education, let us admit. It is no magic key to open all the locked boxes of this world. Many people confuse education with the gaining of information, but that is not the problem that baffles us. Most alert and energetic students can now get in touch with all the information they require. What matters is the widening and training of the mind and the ability to perceive principles underlying facts. No sane person desires to teach Labor what to think; the sole purpose is to enable Labor to think for itself. Luckily, perhaps, for the cause of adult education, there is still opposition to fight. The reactionaries see in it the prelude to Bolshevism, while the extremists of Socialism consider it to be a dangerous form of dope. Thus, battered from both sides, the classes may feel tolerably convinced that they are working on sound lines. And when we notice round about us the significant silence of the Labor world, the spasmodic appeals to force, and the general lack of policy

or expression, the one hope for a saner national life does seem to lie in a definite articulation of these tumultuous emotions. Repression, whether it be the organized repression of bureaucracy or the inevitable repression of those who must bury their feelings because they cannot speak them, is the certain path to ruin.

JUDGE NEIL'S LAW.

WHEN Judge Neil visited the American Institutions, where fatherless children were being brought up by the State, he used to ask a child, "Where is your mother?" An outburst of grief was always the reply. He went to a Children's Court to see how the separation of mother and child was effected. The first case was that of a mother with five children. Her husband had been dead three years, and she had tried to keep the home together by charring in the daytime and looking after the children at night. Her health gave way. She could not pay the rent. She came to the Court for assistance. The officials parcelled out the children among five different Institutions. She was overcome with despair. "Would it not be kinder," asked Judge Neil, "to take her behind the Court House and shoot her?"

Then he asked who paid for the children's keep. The taxes paid—ten dollars (about £2 10s. in those happy days) a month for each child. "Why," he asked, "should not the ten dollars be paid to the mother?" "Oh, that would be against the law!" "Then," he exclaimed, "let's change the law!" And to an English mind the astonishing thing is that he did change it. Judge Neil's law, known as "The Mothers' Pensions Law," or more properly "The Widows' Pensions Law," was passed unanimously by the State Legislature of Illinois in 1911, and has been since adopted by thirty-five States out of the forty-eight. Thousands on thousands of children have been saved from Institutions, and are being brought up by their own mothers. An official report from New York City says: "There has been a steady improvement in the homes. The money invested is returning interest in the way of lives made stronger, in decided physical improvement in the health of both mothers and children." The surest evidence of success is that in no State has Judge Neil's Law been repealed.

The amount of the widow's pension varies in different States. It seems to be assumed in all that a widow is able to bring up one child without assistance, but where there are more children than one, she is allowed something between six dollars a month and ten. The money is usually raised partly from taxes and partly from rates. In New York City the cost of a child in an Institution was about £60 a year; under the pension law it is about £24. The number of paid officials is enormously reduced; indeed, they almost vanish. The money is administered and watched either by the Children's Courts or the County Agent, appointed by the County Board, which corresponds to our County Council and Board of Guardians combined. The administration of the pensions costs only 5 per cent. of the expenditure. The administration of the Institutions cost 76 per cent., and it was calculated that one official was required for every five children. In most of the States the pension is continued till the child is fourteen. In many till sixteen, especially if the child is delicate. In Nebraska and Nevada till eighteen, the age up to which the American Free School system is also continued. Unhappily, it is only in Michigan that the unmarried mother receives a pension for her child, and then it is as a "deserted mother." It is true that, as a rule, the unmarried mother has not more than one child to support.

Last April our Government promised to introduce a Mothers' Pension Bill as soon as possible, and Mr. Baldwin Raper, M.P., has framed the main clauses: (1) the pensions to be limited to necessitous mothers with more than one child, the father also being dead or incapacitated; (2) the amount to be the same as that now given to war widows, and administered also by the Ministry of Pensions, and with the same supervision; (3) the money to be provided, three-quarters from taxes

and one quarter from rates. Mr. Raper estimates the total cost at about £10,000,000 a year. The estimate appears excessive, on his own showing. In a pamphlet called "Making Britain fit for Mothers," he states that in this country we have 130,000 children under the Poor Law, and so if £24 a year were allotted for each child the total would be £3,120,000. No doubt he makes allowance for the many necessitous mothers who have such a violent objection to the Poor Law that even extreme poverty cannot bring them to entrust their children to its official mercy. But still we think his estimate high. However high, it is merely the cost of three or four days of our infamous war on Russia.

So far as the law goes, not much alteration is wanted in this country. We suppose that ever since the Poor Laws of Elizabeth a destitute widow may receive a pension in the form of "Outdoor Relief." Certainly by the "Prohibitory Order" of 1844 she is made an exception from the rule that all relief must be given wholly within the workhouse. The clause making her an exception runs:—

"Where such person shall be a widow, and have a legitimate child or legitimate children dependent upon her, and incapable of earning his, her, or their livelihood, and have no illegitimate child born after the commencement of her widowhood."

By law, therefore, a widow with children may receive a pension in the form of Out Relief according to the discretion of the Board of Guardians. And Boards of Guardians have sometimes displayed their discretion by granting weekly sums of money, usually to the amount per child of half a crown a week before the war, but now rising with prices. By a merciful provision recently inserted, the deserted mother was allowed to count as a widow within the terms of this clause, rigorous warnings, however, being added against possible collusion with the husband. But in issuing the list of exceptions, together with their Prohibitory Order in 1844, the Poor Law Commissioners added an Instructional Letter urging the Guardians "to exercise great circumspection in applying the exception of widows with children in practice." The Commissioners feared that weekly allowances would deter relations from contributing to support, might tend to increase improvidence, and even to reduce wages. Guardians have laid these Instructions only too carefully to heart. They have added the fear that the widow might drink the money given in relief, or might attract the "cupboard love" of some man, who would live at ease upon the children's bread. Accordingly, it is the custom to relieve the poverty-stricken widow of her children by taking them from her and sending them to the Workhouse Schools, usually known as Barrack Schools.

The children are then said to be "Institutionally" dealt with, and the expression is exact. Of all forms of up-bringing the Institution, even at its very best, is probably the very worst. The complete separation of boys and girls; the herding together of children in large crowds; the absence of solitude, change, and holidays; the inevitable want of human affection; the warping regularity; the mechanical devices; the ignorance of common life—all combine into the very worst possible education for a child. After costing the country about £30 a year for many years, the child emerges at last in the condition thus described by one who for a long time examined the conditions in the best of the Workhouse Schools round London:—

"It was as though he were passed through each of its scientific appliances in turn—the steam washing-machine, the centrifugal steam wringer, the hot-air drying horse, the patent mangle, the gas ovens, the heating pipes, the spray baths, the model bakery, and the central engine."

To have given that £30 a year to the boy's mother and let her bring him up—how sane and simple it sounds by comparison! In a letter upon this very subject (quoted in the "Daily News" of last Monday) Bernard Shaw, after saying he did not know why pensions should not be given to industrial widows and orphans as much as to war widows and orphans, or why, if a man may be com-

elled to kill, he should not also be compelled to work; or why the rich man who refuses to work is flattered and pampered; remarked in conclusion, "The longer I live the more I am inclined to the belief that this sphere is used by other planets as a lunatic asylum."

We admit the difficulties. As the Poor Law Commissioners urged, the widow's pension might make her improvident or entice her to take less than standard wages. As the Guardians often fear, it might tempt to drink or to "sexual irregularities." The same might be said of the pensions we grant to impoverished Cabinet Ministers. In all such cases we have to risk something. We cannot always be prying into the private conduct of widows or Ministers, like emissaries of the Charity Organization Society. The question is whether we are to attempt our remedial measures on the assumption that most men and women are fairly decent people or on the assumption that they are criminally disposed and will sink into crime the moment they get the chance. Everything depends upon that decision. In the present state of the world there is much to be said for the second assumption, and the cynics are having a grand run for their money. But on the whole one may still believe it safe to build up our public life on the confidence that most people are fairly decent, and that out of a hundred widows probably not more than five would drink the pension instead of spending it on their children. Or even if the percentage were ten, the result would be worth the risk if only the children of the remaining ninety could be saved from "Institutional Treatment" under the cruel mercies of the State.

One word more as to unmarried mothers. We have seen that Judge Neil's Law does not touch their case, chiefly because the mother as a rule has only one child to support. Under English law an illegitimate child is "filius nullius"—nobody's baby. It is doubtful whether legally it even belongs to the mother. But custom, by a graceful concession, has agreed that a child is the child of its mother, provided it is illegitimate. Otherwise, it has no parent but the father. The unmarried mother is therefore fortunate to the extent that she is supreme over her own child, and even legally (or at least by custom) it is her own. For support she has a claim on the "putative father," but, for one reason or another, that claim is very rarely enforced. It might justly be argued that, if she cannot maintain the child, she ought to receive the same assistance as a widow or deserted wife, so long at least as the illegitimate family does not increase. At all events it is just that assistance should now be given to unmarried mothers who have served in our various women services during the war; and that it should be given on the same terms as to war widows. One remembers the hysterical excitement over "war babies" that swept through the country at the beginning of the war. All that gush is silent now. It died as hysterical excitement always dies. But girls who were induced to join our services during the war now sit as "war babies," if any ever were.

Short Studies.

AN OLD WINDMILL.

ALMOST everyone coming over the common looks at the old windmill with sentiment; and I do not think it is mock-sentiment. The barrack-like flour-mills on Thames side at Battersea are not accorded such glances as does this one receive—this old windmill with sails so ramshackle that it looks as though Don Quixote had been this way and worsted it in combat, instead of being tossed. The great steam-power mills are entirely as wonderful. I can never see intricate machinery exquisitely revolving without thinking with respect of the intricate machinery of the mind of man that invented it, and then passing

on to the further consideration of What made the mind of the man.

But the point about the windmill that attracts us is, I believe, that it is much more obviously than the great steam-power works a kind of compact between man and the elemental. The electric wire in the hermetically sealed glass bulb that hangs over our desks in offices should, I suppose, as greatly please and enchant, being a kind of bottled lightning; but there is no implication of, as Stevenson would say, "tushery," if it does not affect us as does the windmill when, mounting through the country, we see its sails against the sky. The latter is a much simpler pact between the everlasting mysteries and our daily loaf than dynamos and wires. We do not have to think it out. It is as plain as the trees beside it, brushing the sunset on the crest.

The other day, on the Pimlico side of the Thames, near an involved pumping station, I saw some men unloading coal with a device of a swinging pole, a pulley and a basket. Across the river, on the Battersea side, from another barge, coal was being unloaded by means of an invention of steel like a giant's fist that snatched up half-a-ton at a time. The former arrangement was such as the Phoenician adventurers into our seas must have used when loading tin in Cornwall; the latter was its descendant—a kind of "high-brow" descendant. I admired it equally, and could lean my elbows on the bridge and watch it for half-an-hour on end, but it had not the obvious associations of the other. Thinking over it I might have seen the pageant of history. The simpler and antiquated device of wicker basket, rope, and swinging stick evolved that pageant without thought. As I watched the men at work on the Pimlico side (with all the roar of modern London at my back, and once a high-speed motor launch skimming the river, almost hid by its own foam) they were blurred into the past, and I saw them as they were Romans working upon the making of Watling Street which came down somewhere in that neighborhood from what to-day is Edgware Road.

So it is with the windmill on the topmost hummock of this gorsy common where I write. It is a more certain liaison with the eternal verities than Mayhew's Flour Mills. Trippers from London like to see it, and exclaim over it. It used to be "bad form" during the war to exclaim over the windmills in Flanders; but the cockney trippers know naught of bad form—or perhaps I should say know no other form. The windmill helps them toward what they have come in search of out of London. It has fallen into desuetude—has taken to itself something of the air of a monument, though not for worlds would I have people make a pilgrimage to it and turn it into a shrine. It is better as it is.

I think only a very superior person, or a very *blasé* person, or a very churchy person averse to what is called natural worship, would have a word against his appeal. The shrill, spontaneous cry of a dozen voices from the char-à-banc: "O look, there's a windmill!" pleases me more than any chant up and down naves, and round altars. These old sails, battered, grotesque against the sunset, pronounce benediction nightly on me and all my fellow villagers. They are a symbol of the things to which the sophistication called civilization blinds us. I see the old mill sometimes as if it had personality, individuality. Michael Angelo and Rodin would halt to consider it, were they here to-day. It is statuque: it is sometimes even somewhat terrible. Had Méryon etched it he would have got too much of that feeling into his representation, I think. It is only slightly Méryon-esque.

When the trees rustle at nights outside, so that it is difficult to tell whether it is only wind that tosses them, making that sound like the sea's, or rain falling, I look out curious to discover the mood of the outer world beyond the lamp and my books. Only a few moments ago I did so, and saw the swaying bulk of elm tops and the whipping filigree of birches under the stars, and the Milky Way like a gesture of God across the sky to us tiny mortals opening our doors and looking out. Then I looked across the night-obliterated common, with content, to that black bulk—that symbolic silhouette—of the old mill with its hands upraised upon the crest.

FREDERICK NIVEN.

Communications

THE BELGIAN CLAIMS ON HOLLAND.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The work of the International Commission which is now trying to find a solution for the differences between Holland and Belgium is progressing fairly well, whatever tendentious rumors may have been spread of the Belgians breaking off the negotiations in despair. There is no cause for despair.

It is true that the Belgians seem to be straining at the reservations laid down in the resolution of the Big Five of June 4th. These reservations are that the Commissions will not consider proposals containing (1) "transfers of sovereignty," and (2) "international servitudes." The outcry everywhere against the original annexationist aims of the Belgian Government has been so powerful that the Belgians have at long last dropped them, and that they dare not violate the first reservation. As to the second, it seems that they are trying to get round it. The Dutch delegates, at any rate, have already submitted that the Belgian "conclusions" undoubtedly tend to the creation of "international servitudes." This term may be vague, but if it is to have any meaning at all it must exclude proposals which would impose on Holland special military charges for the defence of Limburg, not for Limburg's or for Holland's own sake, but for the sake of Belgium, which wants a strong Meuse line against Germany. There is, however, little doubt that the Commission will take the same view. The President, M. Laroché, has made it quite clear that the Commission will consider itself very strictly bound by the resolution of June 4th, which called it into being.

Indeed, it would appear that only by a strict adherence to the reservations of June 4th the Commission will be able to achieve something that will tend to strengthen the peace organization of Europe. Belgium has started her movement for the revision of the 1839 treaties on wrong lines altogether. After having quite gratuitously incensed Dutch public opinion by impudent demands for territory which almost in its entirety has been joined with Holland for centuries and the population of which has not the slightest desire to change its allegiance, the Belgians, instead of honestly striving after an amicable understanding, are still importuning the Great Powers to put pressure on Holland to make her part with ancient rights and comply with the egotistical requests of a much-tried, but for that very reason somewhat unbalanced, neighbor.

It might have been possible, perhaps even justifiable, to proceed in this way against Holland, if she had been guilty of grave misdemeanors in international morality with respect to Belgium. We have witnessed, therefore, a campaign of slander, by which it was sought to make the publics of the Allied countries believe that Belgium had ever since 1839 been the victim of wicked economic oppression on the part of Holland. Antwerp has been pictured as suffering agonies at the hands of "her chief commercial rival." "High authorities" have told us that Belgium's export trade will be endangered unless something drastic is done. The easiest way to get at the truth when confronted with these exaggerations is to look back to the period before the war. Nothing was heard then of those unbearable hardships and humiliations which Belgium is now said to have suffered. She suffered very silently, if she really suffered. At times, no doubt, questions arose from the intermixture of interests on the Dutch-Belgian frontiers which had to be settled by negotiation. But a little patience and goodwill on both sides were all that was required to evolve mutually satisfactory arrangements, and in all the seventy-five years of the much-abused 1839 *régime* these were always forthcoming. What, then, has changed? Nothing but the temper of the Belgian Government, which for some time after the victory of its Allies thought that now mutual forbearance and regard for other people's interests would be no longer required and that the world would be laid at Belgium's feet. Some months' experience of Paris has probably already brought about a saner mood, and as

Holland is not less anxious than on former occasions to discuss whatever real complaints there may be on the waterways questions in the most conciliatory spirit, it is not very likely that the economic question will prove to offer insurmountable difficulties to the mediatory efforts of the Five Allies.

As for the military question, it can be doubted whether there is a military question as between Holland and Belgium. The Belgians argue that the configuration of their country exposes them to dangers from the side of Germany. Now that they dare not any longer draw the conclusion that therefore the configuration of their country must be altered at the expense of one of their neighbors, they want to impose on that same neighbor special arrangements with a view to correcting its awkward consequences. Something seems still to be lacking in this argument. To me, at any rate, it is not very clear on what exact ground Holland can be expected to shoulder responsibilities for the defence of Belgium.

Unless the demand were conceived as an application of the principles, and put forward under the sanction, of the League of Nations. That, however, is by no means the case. The Belgian military arguments belong to a world in which the League of Nations does not count. Take the question of the Scheldt. M. Van Swinderen, the first Dutch delegate on the Commission, argued that this question had been solved by the creation of the League. When Belgium and Holland are both members troops or ships coming to the assistance of Antwerp under the authority of the League cannot be refused passage by Holland. It is objected that the League has an uncertain future. It would appear, then, to be in Belgium's true interest to strengthen it as much as possible rather than to put forward claims which can only have the effect of creating an atmosphere in which the League will find it even more difficult to breathe.—Yours, &c.,

DUTCHMAN.

Contemporaries.

LORD ROBERT CECIL.

No family can be more easily classified as one of our governing families than the Cecils. During the last fifty years four members of the family have figured very prominently in our political life, and several have held minor positions. It is always difficult to say what talents and characteristics bring men to the front as statesmen of the first rank. Until this generation our governing class was very much restricted and consequently there was but little competition; the inheritance of a great name was often sufficient to give a man high position. But in the case of the later Cecils there is a good deal more than the mere advantage of birth. The earldom of Salisbury of this line was created in 1605. The first earl was a distinguished statesman, but none of his descendants were men of any particular note until the third Marquess, the Prime Minister who died in 1903. Mr. Arthur Balfour is his nephew, Lord Robert and Lord Hugh Cecil his sons. The high average of intellect in these two generations of the Cecils is exceptional in an aristocratic family. It accounts to some extent for the prominent position the four men have reached in the world of politics.

But intellect is by no means the only necessary attribute of statesmanship. Character, judgment, initiative, perspicacity and public spirit are wanted. In varying degrees the Cecils possess these. But the family characteristics are pronounced and unmistakable. As a clan they have a strong belief in one another. They are capable of taking broad and long views in public affairs, and yet they are a prey to small prejudices; they appreciate the moral aspect of public questions and yet their ingrained vein of cynicism prevents them from adopting the attitude of idealists; they are themselves disinterested and incorruptible, but they by no means despise self-seeking in others; with an air of dispassionate impar-

tiality they are keen partisans; their remarkable debating power and dialectical skill can be used at times with excessive ingenuity. Although they become leaders they somehow lack the special magnetism which attracts the multitude and the confidence they have inspired hitherto is therefore rather uncertain. They are aristocrats to the backbone and are not always successful in concealing their contempt for the people.

Two of the four above-mentioned have been Prime Ministers. Of the other two Lord Robert has now come to be regarded as a rival—perhaps an immediate rival—to the present Prime Minister. His Cecilian qualities are more happily combined than they have been in other members of the family. The cynicism of his father which is still more markedly developed in his cousin is not apparent in him. While Mr. Balfour and Lord Hugh are unrivaled in their skill as debaters, Lord Robert is far more concerned with what he wants to say himself than in devoting his ingenuity to controverting what other people have said. He is not ashamed at having discovered that idealism is a quality not to be despised in politics. He has his prejudices, but he has as much as any living politician the courage of his convictions and comes out best when he has his back against a wall. Unlike the majority of members who are called to positions of authority, Lord Robert did not undergo any transformation when he became a Minister. He remained the same. With a highly developed critical faculty he may be an inconvenient colleague, but he would make a good head of an administration. He has inherited without any special training a broad grasp and sane judgment on international questions which curiously enough his cousin with all his opportunities has entirely failed to display. He is aware of the advance of democracy, but though he has democratic leanings it is by force of circumstance rather than through irresistible conviction.

A curious characteristic of the family not yet noted is their devotion to the Church. It would almost seem as if they thought that the Church had something to do with Christianity. Whatever the reason of it may be it is very real, and however much of a handicap it may constitute in their political outfit they would never sacrifice it for that reason. It is sometimes linked to religion, as Lord Hugh's remarkable speeches on conscientious objectors in the last Parliament clearly showed. But many wondered at the time whether he did not realize that in supporting the cause of conscience he was very far from speaking as a representative of the Church. It was on a church question that Lord Robert resigned from the Ministry, and it is to be feared that this curious obsession is what his large and growing band of admirers regard with the greatest misgiving. However, the problems to be confronted to-day are of national and world-wide significance, and it is unlikely that the country will trouble itself much about the Church of England.

Lord Robert is hardly an orator. We are rather suspicious of orators in these days. He does not indulge in the eloquent and happy phrases of his brother, nor can he fence and thrust like his cousin in days past. He is more direct, blunter perhaps, and yet anyone who has heard him would also say more arresting. He sometimes hesitates and paws the air as if he were trying to clutch the right word, and he inevitably finds it. If, as a preliminary gesture, he gives a rapid pinch to the tip of his nose it means he has hit on a clinching argument. He listens to others and has broader sympathies than his relations. Although he does not adopt the Balfourian tactic of burlesquing his opponents' arguments, he is not above intolerance, if he is nettled. But he is sincere, he is reliable, he is unworldly. He understands men and affairs, and he will not compromise himself by being a party to the more doubtful political tricks and methods. He has a sense of humor: he has personal charm. His rather ascetic appearance and hopelessly unfashionable garb come rather as a surprise to strangers who take their idea of aristocrats from fiction. Some years ago a Frenchman visited the House, and the position of the various parties was explained to him. Lord Robert happened to be sitting near the Labor benches, and when

he rose to speak the French visitor exclaimed: "Voilà le vrai type ouvrier." This was a French point of view, for Lord Robert has no physical resemblance to Mr. Will Crooks for instance. Anyhow, his presence commands attention. In the stoop of his head, the twinkle of his eye, the curl of his smile, and the hesitation of his speech, there is something particularly attractive. He has an indefinable quality that draws men of widely different views towards him.

Never has the country been in greater need of a man of high character. But it is not easy to see how and where Lord Robert can immediately fit in. He is too advanced for the Tories, he is rightly suspicious of the Coalitionists, he has a growing but still undeveloped sympathy with Labor. Indeed, it would be a mistake to suppose for a moment that he could satisfy an advanced party. But we are badly in need of a man, not necessarily a man who sees eye to eye with us in all our notions, but a man who can inspire confidence even though we oppose him, a man with political insight and international knowledge, a man who will stand for a while steadily at the helm and relieve us in the stormy weather through which we are still passing of the exciting but exhausting vagaries of our present helmsman, of whose zig-zag course and sensational escapades we are heartily tired. We have trusted to luck long enough. We want now to trust to intelligence.

Mackinder. Not so much because he is a man of ability so distinguished that he may be classed as one of our few geniuses, because that fact is indiscernible in the House of Commons, which is as unconscious of his being anyone in particular as it was for thirty years of Lord Rhondda. I should send him because he knows that North and South America are only a couple of perilously situated islands, and that it is dangerous for us to tomfool with island security.

And now for a cheerful change of subject to my friend Mr. Archer, who, by being reasonable whilst Mr. Drinkwater and I and Mr. Granville Barker and Mr. Poel and the rest of us, have, as Mr. Archer rightly puts it, abjured the exercise of reason, produces an impression of entire and perfect madness. One imagines Mr. Archer at an orchestral concert remonstrating with the audience. "What went ye out for to see? Here is a man on a platform waving a stick threateningly at a herd of slaves in evening dress, who frantically swallow and regurgitate lengths of brass tubing, clash brass discs, thump the parchment covers of monstrous jampots, and rub pieces of wood together like the Swiss Family Robinson trying to light a fire, to no apparent purpose but the combination of an unseemly spectacle with a deafening din. Is this good sense? Have you eyes? What do you mean by it?"

Mr. Archer has not done full justice to his own criticism of Shakespeare. He says very truly that it is not common sense to play Shakespeare at full length. But it is not common sense to play Shakespeare at any length. It is not common sense to act plays at all: before such an absurdity is possible the actors and the audience have to make a tacit compact that good sense is dethroned. Where is our common sense in pretending that Sir Johnston Forbes Robertson is the Prince of Denmark when the very paper in our hand tells us expressly that he is Forbes Robertson, and when we would walk out of the theatre if it told us that he was really Hamlet, who was only an amateur? Even if you agree to let this go, and only resume the exercise of your reason on minor points, what common sense is there in a melancholy Dane speaking English, and blank verse at that. Look at the man he addresses as father? Are ghosts common sense? Is Elsinore in Shaftesbury Avenue?

Fancy a man devoting forty years of his life to witnessing such lunacies, and writing grave articles in the papers discussing whether they are done efficiently or not! Such a man exists. His name is William Archer. And it is William Archer who lectures me for my want of common sense!

When I said that I had seen Ibsen cut to the bone by Mr. Archer, I should, perhaps, have mentioned that there is such a tremendous lot of bone in Ibsen that the phrase suggests more cutting than the actual operation involved. One of my early lessons in the erroneousness of cutting was a comparison of the first act of "The Wild Duck," reasonably and sensibly cut by Mr. Archer, and a subsequent senseless performance of it at full length by Mr. Charles Charrington at the old Opera Comique. Mr. Archer declares that I am in principle and by habit a liar for saying that he cut it, and then goes on to explain that the cuts were only little ones. I confess that I am not quite convinced of the accuracy of Mr. Archer's memory; but I hope he is right, as nothing could strengthen my case more than a demonstration that the cuts which made such an astounding difference were in mere bulk so trifling that it is disingenuous of me to call them cuts at all. The impression produced on me was that about half the first act had been omitted, and that the play never really got on its legs after this act of mayhem. If I am wildly wrong, and Mr. Archer's recollection is accurate, then all I can say is that I will never again consent to the omission of even half a comma from any play whatever. Let me add that I shall not be surprised if Mr. Archer is right. It is amazing how a play can be altered and defeated by the omission of passages so slight that the author himself, failing to recapture the moment in which he wrote them, becomes a party to their slaughter. Mr. Archer is full of praise for Mr. Bridges Adams's Stratford uncut productions. Why does he think that the effect would have been improved by cutting? If he looks up some of his notices of heavily cut performances in the past he will miss the note of genuine artistic satisfaction which rings in the article which began this controversy in your columns.

When Mr. Archer says that the lines about the sneaking winds are "wholly incomprehensible to any human being,"

Letters to the Editor.

LORD GREY, SHAKESPEARE, MR. ARCHER, AND OTHERS.

SIR,—Now that Lord Grey has been sent to the United States to represent us there, I am moved by Mr. Robert Dell's allusion to me to declare that though I have called the policy of our Foreign Office during Lord Grey's secretaryship a Machiavellian policy, I do not regard Lord Grey as a Machiavelli. I heartily wish he were. I think Mr. Dell has hit him off very accurately, except that when an English country gentleman is so "simple minded" that he never knows what he is doing, and can, therefore, at any moment assure the country in all honor that he is not doing it, his simplicity is not of the kind called holy.

I should not myself have sent Lord Grey to America, or even, since our successes in the East, to Jericho. As an English country gentleman, Lord Grey regards Americans as outsiders, and Tsars as insiders. He made that clear in his dealings with Mr. Morgan Shuster. He may have been right. But that is not the point, which is, that as our relations with America are extremely delicate just at present, and likely to become more so, and as the Americans do not regard themselves as outsiders (possibly again quite wrongly), the appointment of Lord Grey is hardly the masterpiece of tact it has been hailed as by the British Press.

As to what Lord Grey will do in America, which is, after all, the important thing, he will be well received in American society. The conscious part of him will respond very agreeably to these attentions; and his speeches will be reassuring and quite intelligent and pleasant. And the unconscious part of him will fall into the hands of whoever the Japanese equivalent of Isvolsky may be, and will manoeuvre for a strangle-hold on our most formidable rival now that Germany is disposed of. What else is there for Lord Grey to do, with his official traditions, and his instincts as "a simpleminded country gentleman"?

Now if there is one point more than another at which the Americans mistrust and dread our old diplomacy, it is the Japanese point. The *Einkreisung* is too obvious. You will never persuade the American diplomatists that Lord Grey has not a secret treaty with Japan in his pocket. And that is why I would not have sent Lord Grey to America.

I shall be asked, I suppose, whom I would send instead of Lord Grey, the implication being that he is the only diplomatist in the Empire. I reply, precisely and without a moment's hesitation, that I should have sent Mr. H. L.

he tells a whopper so stupendous that the writing of it becomes a heroic gesture. Even of that individual human being called William Archer it is not true. I take the privilege of old friendship, and tell Mr. Archer that he knows as well as I do, or as Mr. Drinkwater does, that the lines mean quite plainly and unmistakably, "If I don't go home and look after my kingdom, I shall be getting all sorts of alarmist stories; and what's more, they will very likely be true." But even if the line meant nothing, its cadence is so familiar and charming that Mr. Archer might just as well cut two bars out of a Mozart symphony as omit it. It is an exact echo of

"That nightly lie in those unproper beds
Which they dare swear peculiar."

Mr. Archer has an ear for verse; he has written some himself; and in his great work of translating Ibsen for us, which in any less barbarous country would be nationally acknowledged by a princely pension, the peculiar quality of his version, which so many brilliant writers have derided only to fail hopelessly when they tried their own hands, is produced entirely by a curious northern music which he has instinctively put into his phrases. I do not know whether he has ever heard idiots abusing his translations. I have; and the point they missed was exactly the point he is missing in Shakespeare.—Yours, &c.,

G. BERNARD SHAW.

THE FRENCH PICTURES.

SIR.—Captain Sitwell, Mr. Brown, and the justly indignant portrait are all delightfully witty and intelligent and crushing. They have answered my excited and not very thoughtful critics finely. But, as none of them has said just what I hoped he would say, I suppose I must say it myself. If the chaste Dr. MacDonald and his pathetic engineer really want to understand; if, in truth, all they ask for is a simple, straightforward account of the modern movement, let them harden their hearts and bung down five shillings for a copy of "Art," by Clive Bell (Chatto & Windus).

Thanking you, Sir, in advance for the honor of their esteemed orders.—Yours, &c.,

THE AUTHOR.

P.S.—Captain Sitwell is not likely to have seen the "Flora" of Praxiteles. The Philistine must have discovered it, along with the pink Vlaminck, and kept it to himself—sly dog!

SIR.—Clearly Mr. Osbert Sitwell does not understand the position of "Philistine" and myself. When we speak of Art it is of a different subject and in different tongues: we mean something come to us rich through an eternity of inheritance; he, some "jazz" degeneration of that same gift. Art to us is our means of understanding Beauty, and through it certain Truths not otherwise getting utterance. And, I suppose this Art of ours is as mawkish to him as these French painters are repulsive to our sense of what is lovely.

For my part, I claimed to be an "average man" not in any admission of inferiority, as it appears to Mr. Sitwell, but because I delight in the possession of those common attributes which sum up our humanity. At the very foundation of this humanity lies the recognition of Beauty as a virtue utterly desirable and wholly unselfish. The baby clutches at, dances with joy at sight of, a peacock's feather: as soon as he can toddle and pluck a daisy for himself he must run with it to his mother—the best beloved—for instant sharing. This is the common sense in which I, matured in experience, delight in as the basis of all art and all spiritual evolution. But this sense is shamed and nauseated when the human form is presented to my eyes—and worse, to young-eyed students—not only robbed of its native modesty, but gross in attitude; or, as in a certain sculptured torso, with the buttocks and belly four times the girth of chest and shoulders; or, again, in colors found only in the post-mortem theatre or dissecting-room.

In the letter signed "One of the Portraits" my point is curiously missed: I had allowed these portraits, in spite of being grotesques, quicker wits! In using the word *prostitution* I intended to imply that all falling from a high ideal

is just that, and that these artists, almost without exception, are prostituting their native traditional genius. I bow to the suggestion that I discover among these pictures a real immorality in the treatment of some innocent and lovely subjects—which, here and there, one discovers them to be, in spite of their protectors dragging them in the mud.

With a great deal of Mr. E. R. Brown's I am in sympathy. But he must remember that the normally educated man has not been brought up solely on Watts and Burne-Jones, and that many of us have even found in Constable and Turner divinely revolutionary spirits. And in spite of Mr. Brown I dare add to these revolutionaries his despised Millet; for it was he who revealed to us in the peasant, notwithstanding grinding poverty and ignorance, the ineradicable divinity of man. But these new painters, and apparently their apologists, are as lacking in humor as in reverence: to them, I more than suspect, religion, however expressed, is either an artistic offence or a sentimental absurdity. Let me say once more that the good effected by the French Revolution was not a political upheaval of the proletariat so much as a discovery of the traditional worth in the individual, traditional man. As far as Art is concerned, the foundation of it all lies in peasant-art—whether we speak of painting or music or dancing or play. It took a Tolstoy to make this plain, though a child may understand it.

Mr. Sitwell says that we Philistines must be born again; and, for my part, I do most reverently desire this, whether by revolution or the Grace of God. But such new birth will be worth having only through the exaltation and purification of that *average* sense of Beauty and Truth in Art, which, poor as is my technical knowledge, makes nearly all these pictures in the Mansard Gallery repulsive to my sense of moral and spiritual well-being.—Yours, &c.,

GREVILLE MACDONALD.

Bude, Cornwall. September 1st, 1919.

FROM BIG THREE TO BIG FOUR.

SIR.—As 1919 has its Big Four and its Paris, 1822 had its Big Three and its Verona. No one yet has sung the Big Four, but Byron in his "Age of Bronze" sang the Big Three. History repeats itself, and some of the lines seem as suitable to 1919 as to 1822. Thus, after hailing the Big Three as

"An earthly Trinity, which wears the shape
Of heaven's, as man is mimicked by the ape,"

he goes on—

"Why Egypt's gods were rational to these;
Their dogs and oxen knew their own degrees,
And quiet in their kennel or their shed,
Cared little, so that they were duly fed;
But these, more hungry, must have something more—
The power to bark and bite, to toss and gore.
Ah, how much happier were good *Æsop's* frogs
Than we! For ours are animated logs,
With ponderous malice swaying to and fro,
And crushing nations with a stupid blow;
All duly anxious to leave little work
Unto the revolutionary stork."

A few lines further on seem also apt, except for the reference to "sovereigns." But Ministers then, as now, had great power:—

"Strange sight this Congress! destined to unite
All that's incongruous, all that's opposite.
I speak not of the sovereigns—they're alike,
A common coin as ever mint could strike;
But those who sway the puppets, pull the strings,
Have more of motley than their heavy kings.
Jews, authors, generals, charlatans combine
While Europe wonders at the vast design."

Yours, &c.,

G. LOWES DICKINSON.

PERSIA AND THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS.

SIR.—The article in your last week's issue on "A British Persia" is not unnaturally critical of our recent arrangement with that country, and especially of the manner in which it was presented to the world. But the article is unduly pessimistic about the effect upon the League of Nations of these proceedings. Moreover, it appears to imply some reflections against that organization which the facts do not justify.

There is one fact which is constantly overlooked in these days, when the League is being blamed for not preventing

this and not forbidding that: *The League does not yet exist*, and will not come into being until the Peace Treaty is ratified. The Covenant is drawn up on paper; and a body of experts is sitting in Sunderland House, framing schemes of practical organization; but an actual working League does not exist any more to-day than it did in 1914, or in 1918, when President Wilson promulgated it as one of the necessary bases of peace. Thus, instead of exposing the vanity of the hopes that were reposed in the League, this Persian episode has demonstrated more clearly than ever the absolute necessity for such an organization. One can only regret the delay in its inauguration which is giving opportunity for a procedure so much open to criticism.

"If we can shut the door of the World's Court to any weak suitor whose case runs counter to our interests . . ." your article continues. But, under the League—assuming that public opinion will bestir itself enough to allow the League to become a working reality—that is exactly what no Great Power will be able to do. However many European advisers she may have, Persia, as an independent member of the League, would always be free to present her case before that body. Again, Article XIII. of the Covenant states that "Disputes . . . as to the existence of any fact which if established would constitute a breach of an international obligation" can be submitted to arbitration. These provisions should suffice to prevent the League from becoming "the consecrated hegemony of three or four Great Powers."

As for our "escaping in Persia the few limitations implied in a formal mandate," it is pointed out that the mandatory clauses of the Covenant are not applicable to Persia, which is a sovereign independent State (one of those invited to join the League as a member), and which, as such, is in a much stronger position to obtain redress for any possible injustice than if she were being administered by mandate.

The League will have many difficulties to face and overcome when it comes to birth as a living entity; do not let us strangle it beforehand by insisting that these difficulties are insurmountable.—Yours, &c.,

H. F. T. FISHER, Lt.-Colonel,
General Secretary, League of Nations Union.

22, Buckingham Gate, S.W.1., August 28th, 1919.

[We have not said that the difficulties in the path of the League were "insurmountable." But it is necessary to insist that they are being added to in the interval between the conception of the League and its birth.—ED., NATION.]

MR. CHURCHILL'S FACTS.

SIR.—Mr. Winston Churchill has only been at the War Office since last January, and presumably it is to this fact that one must attribute the woeful ignorance of Russian affairs displayed in his speech in Parliament on July 29th.

As an "acid test" of this ignorance one should refer to his statement about the Tchekh brigades in Russia and Siberia. I am quoting Hansard, column 1270:—

"The Tchekh troops who were trying to escape from the country *via* Archangel, were unable to get as far as Viatka, and they got up to Ekaterinburg."

What does Mr. Churchill mean by this "got up to Ekaterinburg"? In which direction? If he means *Eastwards* it is not true, for as far back as April 19th, 1918, the 5th Tchekh regiment ("Masaryk's Own") reached Vladivostok, and on June 29th, 1918, a Tchekh division under General Diderichs (assisted by the Allies) overthrew the Soviet in that seaport, although the Soviet enjoyed the support of the overwhelming majority of the inhabitants. These exploits have been openly boasted about by Tchekh propagandists such as Mr. Vladimir Nosek.

If Mr. Churchill means *Westwards*, his statement is likewise untrue, for in that same summer, 1918, the Tchekhs assisted Colonel Lebedev and his "Volunteer army" to capture Kazan from the Soviet—and in general the Tchekhs were prominent in holding the entire Volga front against the Bolsheviks as far down as Sysran, below Samara. Colonel Lebedev has quite openly stated these facts recently in a French paper, but notwithstanding this, he is entirely opposed to Koltchak and Denikin. Meanwhile there are still Tchekh troops in Siberia!

As for General Skoropadsky, of Ukraine, he and his régime were even more pro-German than the preceding

Ukrainian government of Hrushevsky and Holubovitch and their friends. Skoropadsky was in high favor with the Germans, and in August, 1918, paid a visit to the Kaiser and General Hindenburg at German Main Headquarters on the Western Front—a photograph of his reception there can be seen in "The Sphere" of May 10th last. Nevertheless during the French occupation of Odessa in the early part of this year, the town was placarded by order of General Anselme with notices enjoining the inhabitants to hold to their allegiance to the *Hetman Skoropadsky* under pain of the severest penalties! If our Labor M.P.s were also not so ignorant of Russian affairs, they could have made "mincemeat" of Mr. Churchill. As it is, their speeches and attitude fully justified that other *bon mot* of M. Clemenceau, "*l'ouvrier Anglais est un ouvrier bourgeois*!"—Yours, &c.,

A. P. L.

A LEAGUE OF YOUTH.

SIR.—Your article "A League of Youth" will have been read with much interest by many who, like the young Danes, would like to see a better understanding between peoples of different nations.

May I call the attention of your readers interested in this subject, as well as the attention of your two young Danes, to the Esperanto movement, which has been engaged for years on the work of bringing people of different speaking nationalities together, old and young alike?

It was primarily this idea that first inspired Dr. Zamenhof, the author of Esperanto, to work over his wonderful language, and it is chiefly the ideal that lies behind the movement that draws thousands of adherents all over the world to the Esperanto movement.

I should like to point out that an international language is a great necessity for such a purpose as bringing people of different speaking nationalities together, and that Esperanto has already proved itself to be a potential instrument in that direction.

If the two young Danes and their sympathizers in this country wish to succeed in their good work, let them enlist the services of Esperantists in Great Britain and abroad; there are many of them in Scandinavia, and they will find their undertaking much facilitated by the breaking down of the language barrier which at present exists and hampers such international work to a very large extent.

The British Esperanto Association, 17, Hart Street, London, W.C.1, is at their disposal to co-operate in the good work, and I hope they will not fail to take advantage of it by communicating either with me or with the London office.—Yours, &c.,

J. D. APPLEBAUM,
Hon. Sec. of the Propaganda Committee of the British
Esperanto Association, 11, Mayville Road, Mossley
Hill, Liverpool.

August 23rd, 1919.

Poetry.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

WALKING alone in the walled garden
After the close of day,
When the apple leaves like feathers
The acacia leaves like spray
Pattern the clear sea-blue sky of evening,
Where the red planet Mars
Shines with remote and quiet splendour
Above this world of wars:
Every tree a tent of shadow
Darkening the dark ground,
No sound but a leaf twisting and falling
From the sycamore's dark mound—
If there should start forth a shape of terror
Should I run or stay
In the vast lonely forest of the garden
After the close of day?

SYLVIA LYND.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "Phases of Irish History." By Eoin MacNeill. (Gill & Son, Dublin. 10s. 6d.)
- "Across the Blockade: A Record of Travels in Enemy Europe." By H. N. Brailsford. (Allen & Unwin. 2s. 6d.)
- "On Alpine Heights and British Crags." By George Abraham. (Methuen. 10s. 6d.)
- "The Problem of 'Hamlet'." By the Rt. Hon. J. M. Robertson. (Allen & Unwin. 5s.)
- "My Five Acre Holding." By Metcalfe Few. (Hodder & Stoughton. 3s. 6d.)

* * *

AN interesting article appeared the other day demolishing the absurd fiction that modern poetry is kin to Elizabethan, and in the course of it the writer made some just strictures upon contemporary verse. To my mind the three most obvious charges against it are that it is clique poetry; that it is the reflection of idle and transitory moods, in no way revealing truth or universals; and that it is written for the sake not of the poetry but the poet. So much of it is cut-a-figure-Margy-look-at-me stuff, and in the end one gets intolerably sick of it. At last I found that the only living poets who did not make me feel that poetry was what Morris called "tommy-rot" were the early Yeats, Stephens, Sturge Moore, Bridges, Hodgson, Davies, Hardy, Sassoon (some), and De La Mare, with a number of individual poems by other authors, some of them without any trumpets at all. Partly one felt that there were real, living men behind their work—not showmen; partly there was an individual philosophy of life in every line—propaganda if you like; and partly what they wrote squared with the facts of life. In other words, they knew how to combine vision with truth. The others have no faiths and wrong notions in their place.

* * *

THEN I came to reflect that only by fulfilling the second and third of these impressions can the finest poetry be written. What preachers were Milton, Donne, Shelley, Blake, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Emily Brontë, Francis Thompson, and Browning! Yet somehow it is all true; you can't pick holes into their reading of the universe. I read a pretty poem recently about birds, by which, if what the writer said about them were true, the whole race of birds would have been extinct many centuries ago. But bad natural history (I am not speaking of isolated facts) is bad philosophy, and bad philosophy is bad poetry, whatever it sounds like. Let me then take an example from the old poets, which shows how a violent, an irresistible passion for setting the drunken world on its legs can and does flower into the utmost delicacy of beauty and melody—Andrew Marvell to wit. Marvell's career is so well known as to be taken for granted in this page. The Latin secretary of Cromwell, in association with Milton, the member for Hull and tutor in Fairfax's family might have been expected to have written the satires, the pamphlets and the "Rehearsal Transposed." But the point is that he wrote "Miscellaneous Poems" (folio: 1681). Marvell, in fact, was a Cavalier poet with a Puritan conscience, if indeed his disinterested passion for truth—political and poetic truth, between which he, like other rare minds, could see no division—his high tolerance, based upon a profound reverence for life, can be called anything so narrow. His strong and refined personality, let me say, combined the very best qualities of the Puritan and the Cavalier, as it did of the poet and public man, as it did of intellect and sensitiveness. His most incisive satires are no more all controversial (though he did almost alone topple Clarendon off his seat on English shoulders), than his most flowery poems are all sweet. He made things hum, and I can think of no better epitaph for any man.

"Unhappy! shall we never more
That sweet militia restore,
When gardens only had their towers,
And all the garrisons were flowers;
When roses only arms might bear,
And men did rosy garlands wear?"

These lines, with the ones immediately preceding them, were written upon Apleton House, Fairfax's home. They might have been just an exquisite garden piece, with the noise of the world shut out by the leaves of peach and plum climbing over the old walls. But this was a lofty and a fiery spirit, and seeing "how the flowers, as at parade, Under their colors stand displayed," he thought of wars and gardens wasted, of peace and men whose arms might be only rosy garlands. That is the great spirit, the roaring flame that puts the tallow of the minor poet to shame. Then there is that poem, "The Nymph Complaining for the Death of Her Fawn"—so familiar, so divinely fresh:—

"Now my sweet fawn is vanished to
Whither the swans and turtles go;
In fair Elisium to endure,
With milk-white lambs and ermines pure.
Oh, do not run too fast; for I
Will but bespeak thy grave and die."

* * *

BUT this is a poem protesting the rights of animals—the right to live—almost unique to the age and rare enough in our own, where only three poets out of all the multitudes (Davies, Hodgson, and Stephens) have had the imagination to see their age for what it is—the cemetery of wild life, the poets' most obvious properties. But I comfort myself by reflecting that if Marvell, yes, and all the poets named above, including Shakespeare and despised Tennyson, had lived into this age of little men and little ambitions we should have heard something beyond the clamor of the literary hustings. For Marvell could never have written so beautifully had not the ink from his pen been really drops of blood. One remembers Lamb's phrase about Marvell's "witty delicacy," exquisitely displayed in the poem "To His Coy Mistress":

"Let us roll all our strength and all
Our sweetness up into one ball,
And tear our pleasures with rough strife
Through the iron gates of life.
Thus, though we cannot make our sun
Stand still, yet we will make him run."

Being a composite of various emotions all playing into one another's hands, it is more. Gallantry, pathos, irony, reflective melancholy, reverence, buoyancy, passion, tact are all contained in a style of matchless purity and fitness. How, too, the slight, playful tone of the poem, like the plashing of a stream, expands into a river of full harmony! :—

"My vegetable love should grow
Vaster than empires, and more slow."

* * *

IT is not cleverness, it is only sheer character that can bring a thing like this off the nest of conception, as he brings off "The Definition of Love":—

"My Love is of a birth as rare
As 'tis for object strange and high;
It was begotten by Despair
Upon Impossibility."

Anybody can make rhymes, but this special magic can only be evoked by a real man who "nothing common did or mean" upon the memorable scene of his life. For there is no distinction between Marvell of the garden and Marvell of the Commonwealth, between the Puritan and the innocent voluntary of sound. They were one in vision and truth. So in poetry one should look for the strength with which something is believed, and the sensibility and grace with which it is expressed. But I cannot find that the vast majority of our stridulating poets believe in anything but themselves. They are unable to say, "the cause, it is the cause, my soul," and that is why I for one am extremely glad that the boom of the poets and their panegyrists is fading from our deafened ears.

H. J. M.

YOUR UNSUSPECTED SELF.

BY GEORGE HENRY.

"Compared with what we ought to be we are only half awake."—WILLIAM JAMES.

ARE you the man or woman you ought to be?

Beneath the Self of which you are conscious, there is a slumbering unsuspected Self, the depths of whose power you have never plumbed.

That Self is the man or woman you **ought to be**.

It is the Self of power and pride; the Self that will do and dare all for worthy ideals; the Self that will lift you from the masses of mediocrity to the heights of your dearest day-dreams; the Self that is calmly confident and self-possessed; the Self that leaves your "footprints on the sands of time."

It is your unsuspected Self that occasionally rises uppermost in a crisis—after you have set your teeth to go in and win; and have won. And then you say, wonderingly: "How strange! I didn't think I had it in me."

Let that Self be **always** uppermost! Resolve to be **always the man you ought to be!**

But first **discover** your unsuspected Self.

Search through all the muddle and chaos of wrong thinking, of doubt and self-distrust, and find all those fine qualities, all those powerful potentialities, all those slumbering talents which we all, everyone of us, possess.

To what end? To the end that you may take your rightful place in the world; to the end that you may lift yourself from the rut of mediocrity on to the broad, smooth speedway of progress, and that you may see life more clearly and with a comprehending eye.

How?

The answer comes at once from half a million men and women who have discovered the absorbing and resultful nature of the science of Self Realization—Pelmanism—the movement which bids fair to revolutionize our conceptions of "Destiny" and Possibility.

CREAT BENEFITS.

What Pelmanism has meant to thousands of them cannot be measured in mere money—the benefits are far beyond material computation.

"When I think of what I was a year ago, it does not seem as if I am the same person. Pelmanism has taught me the value of self-expression," writes one man on completing the study of the "little grey books" in which Self-knowledge is so stimulatingly and lucidly revealed.

"I have got into a position that I should never have managed a few months ago; in fact, I can hardly believe myself," says another.

It is this quality of laying bare unsuspected powers and potentialities in its students which is making Pelmanism the greatest intellectual movement for a century.

Pelmanism has its cash values. The evidence showing how it enabled men and women to increase their income and material prosperity is so definite and so great in volume as to be overwhelming. Results such as 300 per cent., 200 per cent., and 100 per cent., increases of salary gained by Pelmanising are striking—almost amazing.

But Pelmanism does not stop there. If it did it would still be a movement of the greatest importance—especially to-day when material prosperity is so necessary a national ideal.

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Reviews.

MR. SAINTSBURY ON THE FRENCH NOVEL.

"The History of the French Novel." Vol. II., 1800-1900.
By GEORGE SAINTSBURY. (Macmillan. 18s. net.)

THERE is a story in Hans Andersen of someone who possessed the magical power of unlocking people's hearts and seeing what was inside. For ourselves, we should be grateful to some fairy who would let us into Mr. Saintsbury's head, to peep and pilfer at our free will among the literary garners of his half century and more of reading. We might burgle his brains, carry off all that our uncapacious memories would hold, and Mr. Saintsbury would be unaware of any diminution in his treasure. We gasp at the wealth he actually shows us; but it is the sight of those enormous mental catacombs stored with literary knowledge, of which the allusiveness of his style allows us every moment to catch a fleeting glimpse, that makes us most painfully conscious of our own ignorance. Here he is, for instance, describing a novel by Octave Feuillet. We do not happen to have read this particular book, but that is nothing. We only begin fully to realize our ignorance when we come upon sentences like the following: "Perhaps the Gigabib in any man of letters may be conciliated by one of his fellows being granted some of the fascinations of the 'clerk' in the old Phyllis-and-Flora *débats* of medieval times"; or again: "The lover. . . . tries to play a sort of altered part of Colonel Morden in 'Clarissa,' and the gods take their revenge for 'sinned mercies.'" At another point in the description of the same book he speaks of "a young countess and a member of the 'Rantipole' set of the time"—to which he obligingly adds the note: "How sad it is to think that a specific reference to that all-but-masterpiece, as a picture of earlier *fin de siècle* society, Miss Edgeworth's 'Belinda,' may perhaps be necessary to escape the damning charge of unexplained allusion." Mr. Saintsbury hardly seems to realize that the "damning charge" may pretty frequently be brought against him by the average reader, who is apt to be a little bewildered by these explanations of the obscure by the obscurer.

But in spite of all bewilderments and perhaps an occasional feeling of irritation, we would far rather read a history of Mr. Saintsbury's appreciations of literature than a literary history by almost anyone else. For in Mr. Saintsbury we find life, enthusiasm, gusto, and a real love of books, qualities which are not by any means always discoverable in the productions of text-book manufacturers. There are times when Mr. Saintsbury's good qualities, exaggerated, lead him into excesses of appreciation. What heroic gusto, what an enthusiastic love of books for books' sake must have gone to Mr. Saintsbury's swallowing of Paul de Kock, whole and raw, like an oyster! The long chapter which he devotes to this amiable writer, as well as our own occasional attempts to read some of his books, convince us that there can be but few capable of so fearful a feat. Mr. Saintsbury's dislikes are as hearty as his likes, his dis-gusto as acute as his sympathetic taste. It is a pleasure to watch him castigating that odiously self-satisfied, but thoroughly bad artist, Edmond de Goncourt. Personally, we enjoy the Goncourt journal and are grateful to the brothers for a book that is one of the most entertaining of its kind, in spite, or probably because, of the maliciousness and general detestability of its authors. Mr. Saintsbury does not even like the journal, and when it comes to the novels, we thoroughly sympathize with his feelings. With the exception of "Les Frères Zemganno," a delightful book of which Mr. Saintsbury makes no mention, the novels of the Goncourt brothers are among the emptiest and stupidest productions of the nineteenth century. "It will not do," as Mr. Saintsbury says, "it will not do to pull out the pin of your cart and tilt a collection of observed facts on the hapless pavement of a reader's mind." It certainly will not. We remember, on first reading that ludicrously overrated book "La Faustin," being particularly irritated by the conversation which goes on round Faustin's supper table, finding it not merely pretentious, but unreal and quite unconvincing. Later on we find almost the whole of the conversation recorded in the journals. The words had really been spoken, the scene was as genuine as a thing one reads in the Sunday

papers. It made one wonder how actuality can be so far removed, in literature, from reality. And yet this is not always the case. One has only to read Stendhal's "Le Rouge et le Noir," and then follow it up by his autobiographical "Vie de Henri Brulard," to discover that many of the small psychological facts which give to Julien his astonishing appearance of reality, which make him live as almost no other novel hero lives, were facts in Stendhal's own life. And at this point we would quarrel with a remark made by Mr. Saintsbury in his criticism of Stendhal. "Le Rouge et le Noir," he says, is full of "that psychological realism, which is perhaps a more different thing from psychological reality than our clever ones for two generations have been willing to admit, or, perhaps, able to perceive." But surely it is the *petits faits vrais* of psychology which distinguish a living character from a mere "humor" or type. Some recent novelists have insisted too heavily on the little true facts, with the result that they have reduced all characters indifferently to mere bundles of nervous ties. Now it is sufficiently obvious that the small psychological movements tend to join together and form a single general tendency of character; so that a psychological analysis that ignores this general tendency is as unreal as one which over-emphasizes it to the expense of the small individual movements of which the whole is made up. Stendhal, it seems to us, hit upon the happy mean, with the result that his characters live and are real. His borrowings from actuality are more felicitous than the Goncourts'; they vamped up a novel out of indiscriminately chosen lumps of fact that had no real connection with their subject. Beyle selected more carefully; actuality and the work of art were, with him, always closely connected, for the heroes of his novels are all of them young men and each a different phase of Beyle himself. The "Chartreuse de Parme," "Le Rouge et le Noir," and "Le Chasseur Vert," contain three studies of adolescence which are as perfect as anything in the history of the novel. In Fabrice, Julien, and Lucien, Beyle depicted himself, and Beyle knew himself as most of us, fortunately for our peace of mind, do not.

Before we leave Mr. Saintsbury and his delightful book, we would like to bring to his notice what seems to us a rather regrettable omission. We do not say that Villiers de l'Isle Adam is a great novelist, poet, or playwright; but he was the last descendant of the defender of Rhodes against the Turk, and a most sympathetic and picturesque figure. He was responsible for at least one unforgettable phrase and gesture: "Virre—nos serviteurs le feront pour nous"; he was the author not only of "Axel," but of "Contes Cruels" and "L'Eve Future," and a characteristic representative of the school that reacted against naturalism and all its implications, a symbolist who protested against the beastliness of modern life and modern ideas, either by satirizing them or by fleeing from them into ideal paradises of his own imagining. Not a great man certainly, but more deserving of a word or two than, say, Paul de Kock.

STANDISH O'GRADY

"The Coming of Cuculain," "In the Gates of the North," "The Triumph and Passing of Cuculain." By STANDISH O'GRADY. (Dublin: The Talbot Press; London: Unwin. Three vols. 4s. 6d. net each.)

THE piety of some Irish men of letters who share few other admirations has surrounded Standish O'Grady with an affectionate homage which surprises the profane. Like many of the principal monuments of early and modern Irish literature, O'Grady's writings have to be sought out in rare and expensive editions. On their first appearance they attracted little notice in England; only a few were found like Burne Jones and Stopford Brooke who were not deterred by the unfamiliar matter and the new accent. Even in Ireland, where his indirect influence is generally recognized, his work is substantially unknown amongst the commonalty. The present reprint by the Talbot Press of his version of the Cuchulain Saga provides easy access for the public to his best work. They may now judge his quality and the fairness of the consideration in which he has been privately held.

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blows through his pages as through theirs. It passed over the heads of his own generation to fill the sails spread for it by the writers of the recent Irish group. They have paid full eric for this inspiration. Mr. Yeats, Mr. George Russell and Mr. Stephens acclaim him as father of the Irish literary revival, and O'Grady can fairly take to himself the words of Finn in the bardic story: "Small in sooth was my consideration in Erin till my sons and grandsons, my gallant nephews and grandnephews grew up about me." To call any man father of any considerable movement, of any renaissance of letters like the Irish literary revival, is to rouse challenge. Is the child fairly christened? What was reborn? And in the search of its paternity are not many claims ignored? What of the great generation of scholars from whom O'Grady learned; of O'Curry, the "obscure Scaliger," in Matthew Arnold's phrase, "of a despised literature," of O'Donovan, Whitley Stokes, and the rest, including his own kinsman and namesake, Standish Hayes O'Grady; or of their successors, who through the Gaelic League brought the people into immediate contact with a native literature of enormous potential energy? But these are questions for the dull annalists of literature. *Cor ad cor loquitur.* The poets have conceded the primacy to Standish O'Grady by virtue of his energy, imagination, and the swift sympathy with antique heroism which shakes him as the rod of the diviner thrills to the deep waters he passes over.

O'Grady was an interpreter of genius. His kindred spirit led him to the great clouded figures of the earliest Irish literature, and he released them, or as Thomas MacDonagh has said it, fantasies of them, from the pages of scholars' books and stamped them as they passed to liberty with his own seal, so that, rightly or wrongly, they have entered Anglo-Irish literature with divine or magical attributes, with that famous Celtic glamor which bewitches the coteries and causes Irish scholars mildly to blaspheme. In O'Grady's hands, at any rate, they lost none of their heroic stature. His spirit was too Homeric for that. But the epic cast of his imagination and the aristocratic bias of his politics at that time made him in later days view with foreboding the fate of his gods and heroes. As Homer might have shrunk from a revision of Euripides, so O'Grady for a moment trembled when it was proposed to stage Cuchulain for the Dublin pit. "The Red Branch ought not to be staged. . . . That literature ought not to be produced for popular consumption, for the edification of the crowd. . . . I say to you, drop this thing at your peril." A. E. was fired to an impassioned rejoinder:—

"Years ago, in the adventurous youth of his mind, Mr. O'Grady found the Gaelic tradition like a neglected antique dún with the doors barred, and there was little or no egress. Listening, he heard from within the hum of an immense chivalry, and he opened the doors and the wild riders went forth to work their will. Now he would recall them. But it is in vain. The wild riders have gone forth, and their labors in the human mind are only beginning. They will do their deeds over again, and now they will act through many men and speak through many voices."

He answered O'Grady's aristocratic hero-worship by the vindication of the nameless poets:—

"They have placed on the brow of others a crown which belonged to themselves, and all the heroic literature of the world was made by the sacrifice of the nameless kings of men who have given a sceptre to others they never wielded while living, and who bestowed the powers of beauty and pity on women who perhaps had never uplifted a heart in their day, and who now sway us from the grave with a grace only imagined in the dreaming soul of the poet."

The reply cannot have failed to affect O'Grady. At any rate, the dramatists carried the day. Deirdre and Conchobar trod the modern stage, and Irish literature is the richer not only for two or three fine plays, but for a still unforgotten controversy. We allude to it here because such ambiguous stations mark stages in the journey of all pilgrim minds, and Standish O'Grady's course was marked by more than one of them.

His impetuous admirations, and the singular and appropriate eloquence of his prose flowed from an essential nobility of mind to which waywardness and many winning perversities added a perplexing charm. Lady Gregory has called him a Fenian Unionist; compact of contradictions he invites such paradoxical titles. The youth of his mind was solely busied with the action of heroes. His eyes remained ever dazzled with their radiant figures. They interfered

when, in his middle years, he flung himself into a political quarrel. He picked champions for his cause and enskied them in a glory borrowed from the epics. His gallant attempt to inspire the members of his order with something of his own disinterested spirit was short-lived. He was bitterly disillusioned, and the erstwhile antagonist of Michael Davitt broke away with a scornful invective of the Irish landed gentry, which is a landmark in Irish political literature. He has worshipped Cuchulain and Edward VII. He can set out the truth of Anglo-Irish relations to the satisfaction of Arthur Griffith in his notable allegory of the Veiled Player, and can, at the same time, preach a Janissary ideal to his countrymen equally hateful to both nations. In social economics he has run an ardent course from feudalism to communism. As historian he is brilliant in narrative, but not seldom wrong in his facts and preposterous in his theories. He has debased history in war propaganda. Yet in all this medley of contradiction or turbulent development there is the utmost candor, convincing good faith, inextinguishable idealism.

His early political and later social theories are not now our business. The present volumes are a re-shaping of one of the world's great tales, the hero-story of Cuchulain taken from the *Táin Bó Cúalnge*. There will always be those, even outside the ranks of scholars, who prefer to read early literature in literal, scholarly versions, and these can be referred to Dunn's complete translation, based on the text in the Book of Leinster, and to the earlier and scarcer volume edited by Miss Eleanor Hall from versions of different episodes made by O'Curry, Whitley Stokes, Standish Hayes O'Grady, Windisch, and Kuno Meyer. But there is a great audience of artists and lovers of letters who will prefer an impassioned re-creation, true to the spirit of an antique original, to an exact and prosaic translation. To many such people the first reading of these volumes will be an event. This literature, the real *matière d'Irlande*, is still only being explored. One day it will be found to be a principal gift of Ireland to literature. In magnanimity, in chivalric ardor and gentleness, in imaginative beauty and pathos, the stuff of these *épopées* is inferior to no other primitive literature. We have spoken of it as a literature of great potential energy; its heroes and demigods returning, will have a wider field than Erin for their deeds. In his generous tribute prefaced to this edition, A. E. thinks that this discovery and refashioning by O'Grady of the figures of Cuchulain and his Red Branch companions, in their epic wholeness and simplicity, is the greatest spiritual gift any Irishman for centuries has given to Ireland. It was the gift which Whitman, in a vile phrase, desired for America, the gift of a "stock personality." O'Grady established a national archetype. The wild riders he released have entered the spirits of many Irishmen. It is simple fact that without the Cuchulain of literature Pearse would not have been. But the archetype is more than national, and it is the destiny of these great figures of an unfamiliar and once despised literature to enter more numerously into the minds of men. Heroic truth, Ossianic or Fenian, emerges through the fabrications of a Macpherson, and in divers, irretrievable ways, pushes its way to its goal.

It is to be regretted that the Talbot Press have not equipped these books in a manner more worthy of their classic contents.

AN INTERVIEW WITH APOLLO.

"The Four Years: War Poems. Collected and Newly Augmented." By LAURENCE BINYON. (Elkin Mathews. 7s 6d. net.)
 "Echoes from the Greek Anthology." By J. G. LEGGE. (Constable. 2s. 6d. net.)
 "Twenty-Three New Poems." By CONTEMPORARY POETS. (The Poetry Bookshop. 1s. net.)

It was not altogether wise of Mr. Binyon to collect his war poems into one volume. If it were eternal verse, indifferent to the changes and ironies of the actual world, then, indeed, he could "publish and be damned." But if Mr. Binyon has risen to the occasion he has not risen above it, with the result that the occasion has left him panting in the rear. For all the poet's power and dignity of language, his sonorous periods, his earnestness and elevation of temper,



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and his personal idealism are unable to conceal an essential confusion of mind. Time has been too much for him, because he has not been too much for time. Here are a few examples. Mr. Binyon's vision of pre-war England is of a land lapped in ignoble ease from which war, the great awakener, aroused her. But England was lapped not in ignoble ease, but ignoble toil. It is also rather easy for the spectator to say that there was no terror in the awakening:—

"Mid the world's irremediable wrongs
She keeps her faith; and nothing of her name
Or of her handiwork but doth proclaim
Her purpose. Her own soul hath made her free,
Not circumstance; she knows no victory
Save of the mind; in her is nothing done,
No wrong, no shame, no glory of any one,
But in the cause of all and each, a thing
Felt like a fire to kindle and to sting
The proud blood of a nation."

It is very lofty, but England has done nothing of the kind, and if poetry says she has, poetry lies and is a false image of itself. Mr. Binyon's notion of purification by stress was truth to the temporary particular, but is actually a sentimental gloss upon the truth in general perspective. In "The Zeppelin" Mr. Binyon writes:—

"So much as it strings
To a deep elation
And a quivering
That at last the hour brings
For them too the danger
Of those who died."

A noble sentiment, but suppose Mr. Binyon had addressed it to a child who had been blinded by the bursting of a Zeppelin bomb, we fancy the "quivering" would not have been translated into "elation" by material souls who were not poets. We wonder, too, what the father at the front would have said if Mr. Binyon told him to fight on and be of good cheer because his child had shared his danger? Mr. Binyon is a fine spirit, but there is something pernicious in its embracing a cloud-shape and resolutely taking it for Hera. The gods came very heavily down on Ixion for something of the same thing. We should, again, feel more conviction in Mr. Binyon's poetic abuse of the Germans if he had not preserved so significant a silence upon our own Germanisms—especially since the Armistice, which Mr. Binyon celebrates so eloquently. If his "gorge rises" at Ludendorff, why does it not rise at Mr. Churchill? For poetry of this kind is not poetry at all. It is the song of the bayonet, made romantic and soporific for home consumption. The pathetic thing is that in spite of the ironies which the last six months have written upon his own words, yet (since he republishes them) Mr. Binyon still faithfully believes them. It is the more pathetic, because of Mr. Binyon's own fineness of spirit. And in his clear and terribly moving poem "Hunger" and in a phrase like "Deep, deep within man's soul are all his victories won," he can show that he has the root of the matter in him, however parched it may be for the moisture of truth.

The instructive way to measure Mr. Legge's versions of the Greek Anthology is simply to compare them with Mr. J. A. Pott's, and the method is the surer from the fact that many pieces from both volumes are from the same originals. Take the following from Hermocreon. Mr. Legge:—

"Farewell, ye water nymphs, these presents meet
For the clear spring he found Hermocreon leaves;
Winnow this watery shrine with your fair feet,
While, of your gift, fresh draughts the fount receives."

Mr. Pott:—

"Nymphs of the bubbling spring,
If here ye dwell,
Accept mine offering,
And so farewell.
Tread with your lovely feet
This happy ground,
That waters cool and sweet
May here abound."

And this from Philippus of Thessalonica. Mr. Legge:—

"These ears of corn from his small furrowed field
To Demeter the tiller gives in pledge;
Good harvest has he reaped; and may the yield
Another year make blunt his sickle's edge!"

Mr. Pott:—

"These handfuls from his earliest yield,
O Demeter, who lov'st the wheat,

The tiller of a tiny field
Doth bring to lay before thy feet.

This year thou gavest ample store;
Such increase may the future bring
To blunt his reaping-hook once more
With like abundant harvesting."

There are in all fourteen parallel examples, and in only one of them (Leonidas of Tarentum's swallow song, where Mr. Pott allows his melody to run away into diffuseness) is his emphatic superiority shaken. The reason for this is not far to seek. Mr. Pott is indeed looser and more discursive. He obviously does not bother himself about literalism or strict accuracy to the text—as Mr. Legge does. But he possesses these two final and crowning virtues. He has a true ear and he writes English verse. Mr. Legge, to be frank, has and does neither. His book, therefore, will be for the student; Mr. Pott's for the lover. There could not indeed be a more striking object-lesson of the right and the wrong way in translation. A text is there to be transferred from its own to the translator's language, not, in the anxiety to be just to the original, to be left in a No Man's Tongue between them.

It was a good idea to issue "Twenty-three New Poems by Contemporary Poets," and a just and a sound one to confine each author to a single poem. The collection is not by any means a representative one, and contains no verse that is likely to travel very far into the future. But it is interesting. Mr. Davies is in a realistic mood and not at his best, and Miss Edith Sitwell is rather less Byzantine than usual. Miss Rose Macaulay has a charming poem on sheep, but she lets us down badly at the end. Her moon falls with a thud. "H. D.'s" "Leda" is a sensuous impression well captured and conveyed; Mr. W. P. Kerr's "The Dead in the Desert" is an impressive picture with a generous metrical landscape, and Mr. John Alford's poem, but for his use of the horrid word "respires," has feeling and beauty. But Mr. Sturge Moore's "On Shakespeare's Sonnets" is the plum of the book:—

"We gaze at signs he saw, but only guess
How he read what we read: not bloom to fruit,
Meal to moth's wing, sight to blind eyes is less
Recoverable! Time treads life underfoot,
These dead black words can warm us but as coal;
Once, forest leaves, they murmured round his soul."

A good example of Mr. Sturge Moore's command of interpretative and telling imagery.

AN ILLUSORY CONRAD.

"The Arrow of Gold." By JOSEPH CONRAD. (Unwin. 6s. net.)

From more than one point of view, "The Arrow of Gold" is as melancholy a story as any we have read. A certain destined loneliness and even desolation seem to surround all the great figures of Mr. Conrad, but their pose of confrontation is always heroic and classical. Here the rich wool is fleeced away. In "The Arrow of Gold" we are invaded by a double melancholy, the melancholy of a dwarf creation supplanting grandeur and force and thereby laying bare the whole unprofitableness of life and the melancholy of the frustration of the artist's purpose. For "The Arrow of Gold" is Richardson's "Sir Charles Grandison," Mr. Hardy's "A Pair of Blue Eyes," and Shakespeare's "Pericles."

It is waste of mind to attempt to expound the barometric depressions of genius. The business of the critic is simply to record them. We may say that the material is intractable and confined and upsets the artist's balance and proportion by forcing him into elaborate ingenuities to give it structure and form; or that Mr. Conrad's unique power of externalizing emotional impressions and relating them to the expression of visible nature has very little scope in this book. And so on. But we can no more explain these delicate reactions than we can a wet or a tropical summer. They are phenomena, and we have to classify them. In the first place, then, the springs of the action are in marked contrast to the suggestions it is intended to evoke. The story revolves round the Carlist pretension to the throne of Alphonso. The author does his best with Carlos by keeping him strictly out of the way. All the same he presides, like the futile chairman of a working committee, and one cannot help feeling the incongruity of so much nobility and originality of

International Brotherhood Congress,

THE CITY TEMPLE, London, September 15th to 17th, 1919.

Sunday, September 14th.

OFFICIAL SERMONS.

St. Paul's Cathedral.—Preacher: The Right Rev. the Lord BISHOP OF LONDON.

Westminster Abbey.—Preacher: Rev. Canon DE CANDOLE, M.A.

The City Temple.—Preacher: Rev. J. FORT NEWTON, D.Litt., D.D.

Special Sermon to Women. Preacher: Miss MAUDE ROYDEN.

CITY TEMPLE.

Monday, September 15th. Devotional Meeting: Conducted by Rev. F. B. MEYER, B.A., D.D. Statement by WILLIAM WARD and Introduction of the PRESIDENT. Inaugural Address by the PRESIDENT, Rev. JOHN CLIFFORD, M.A., D.D. "*Brotherhood and Religion*," Rev. TOM SYKES. Rev. W. J. SOUTHAM, D.D. (Rector of Holy Trinity Church, Winnipeg): Discussion. "*Brotherhood among the Nations*." Welcome to Over-seas Delegates, who will speak on the work of the Brotherhood in Canada, United States of America, South Africa, Egypt and Palestine, France, Serbia, Japan, China, Switzerland, Belgium, Russia, Holland, Liberia, Jamaica, etc. Reception of the Delegates by THE LORD MAYOR (Sir Horace Brooks Marshall, Bart.), and THE LADY MAYORESS, at the Mansion House.

Tuesday, September 16th. Devotional Meeting: Conducted by the Venerable ARCHDEACON DEWDNEY (Canada). "*Brotherhood and the World Unrest*," Right Hon. ARTHUR HENDERSON, Rev. SAMUEL ZANE BATTEN, D.D. (U.S.A.): Discussion. "*Brotherhood and the Native Races*," Sir HARRY H. JOHNSTON, G.C.M.G., BASIL MATHEWS, M.A.: Discussion. "*Brotherhood and the Fight Against Venereal Disease*," Sir THOMAS BARLOW, Bart., M.D., K.C.V.O. (Physician Extraordinary to H.M. the King), Sir ALFRED PEARCE GOULD, K.C.V.O., F.R.C.S.: Discussion. "*Brotherhood and the Eastern Peoples*," HARENDRANATH MAITRA (Editor "A Voice from India"), Rev. DANJO EBINA, D.D. (Japan): Discussion.

Wednesday, September 17th. Devotional Meeting: Conducted by the Rev. CHARLES WOOD, D.D. (U.S.A.). "*Brotherhood and the League of Nations*," Right Hon. Lord ROBERT CECIL, K.C., M.P., Professor GILBERT MURRAY, LL.D., "*Brotherhood and the Press*," J. A. SPENDER, M.A., (Editor "The Westminster Gazette"). CONSTITUTIONAL SESSION.

PUBLIC MEETING at 6.30 p.m.

Chairman: Rev. JOHN CLIFFORD, M.A., D.D.

Speaker: **THE PRIME MINISTER,**

The Right Hon. D. LLOYD GEORGE, O.M., M.P.

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character endowed with such wealth of verbal imagery and description thrown away upon a vulgar, dishonest, and selfish ambition.

Then there is the keystone of the Carlist intrigue, of "Monsieur George's" affection and of Mr. Conrad's artistic purpose—Doña Rita, daughter of Proteus and Eve, goatherd of the Basque mountains ("shrill as a cicada and slender as a match") and heiress of a millionaire virtuoso of Paris. "Monsieur George" does all his Carlist gun-running for her, Carlos and Azzolati, the financier, besiege her in vain, Captain Blunt, "Americain, Catholique, et gentilhomme," who "lives by his sword," as his aristocratic mother by her wits, presents her with his cynical homage, and José Ortega, his brain turned by the agony of his lust, pursues her in a whimpering, threatening fury of desire. She is "as old as the world," the aloof and bewitching figure of a legend, mysterious, unfathomable, incomprehensible as the forces and personalities which eddy round her. She is also an English minx and an accomplished Parisian idler. If that adds to her elusiveness, it does not to her romance. There are things, indeed, about her which are both repellent and foolish. Her savage mockery of Ortega when he is rattling the door of her room, raving in an epilepsy of longing, seems partially to change their respective rôles and give him the dignity and her the abasement. No doubt Mr. Conrad intended thus to complicate her, and at his best he could have done it supremely and without too dangerously alienating our sympathies. A goatherd and a fine lady in one demand every ounce of subtlety at his command. But to make her foolish flattens the illusion.

Mr. Conrad introduces and parts with his story in a couple of lengthy "Notes," which make, indeed, a very prickly hedge against the reader's entrance to the enchanted castle. In the concluding note, "Monsieur George," having won his Rita, fights a duel with Captain Blunt and is severely wounded. What must Rita do but to nurse him back to convalescence and then vanish for ever, presumably upon the motive of self-sacrifice? The whole thing brings us down from our airy craft with a bump. It seems as if Rita were playing some elaborate game of being mysterious and even reflecting that a tame union with her lover would be pushing her over the footlights. So she makes her exit like a goddess into her cloud, but, unfortunately for her, in pantomime dress. When Francis Thompson wrote such phrases as:—

"Ere winter throws
His slaking snows,
In thy fasting flagon's impurpure glows!
The sopped sun—toper as ever drank hard—
Starred foolish, hazed,
Rubicund, dazed,
Totty with thine October tankard."

—*"Corymbus for Autumn."*

he was crossing the chasm on a razor's edge. None but he could have crossed it, for it is the privilege of genius to employ a special medium of its own impossible to all other men. So it is with Mr. Conrad, with the difference that in "The Arrow of Gold" he is Conrad's shadow and imitator. Thus, in spite of all the splendors of his style and his wonderful gift of analysis and indirect suggestion, his mystery passes into unreality and his spectral into the grotesque. As the celebrants of the ritual disappear in the smoke of their offerings to romance, the observer rubs his eyes in disillusion. Even Ortega and the sinister pietist, Teresa Rita's sister, who are both horribly well-done and stand out in an incisive terror from the shapes and glooms that surround them, are a tenuous compensation for a book in which genius itself seems to become unsubstantial.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"New Town: A Proposal in Agricultural, Industrial, Educational, Civil and Social Reconstruction." Edited by W. R. HUGHES, M.A. (Dent. 2s.)

In this book is described in detail a proposal to establish a new country town on the principles of association and fellowship. We are told that the scheme has gone beyond the paper stage, a New Town Council being now at work preparing the way for the enterprise. "The Pioneer Trust Ltd." has already been formed to select the suitable site and secure option to purchase about 3,000 acres of land, which will be held permanently for the benefit of the New

Town community, any rise of value owing to increase of population being used for the general good. Production for profit will not be the economic basis of the town, which will manage its farm-lands and its industries by delegated councils, who will make use of the experience gained by co-operative societies, craft workshops, and progressive employers. In the centre of the town will be grouped its schools and social institutions. These will include primary, secondary, tertiary, and art schools, libraries, theatre, &c. We have given merely some of the headings of this enterprise which is fully set out in this interesting prospectus, in itself a fine expression of modern sociological thought, which should be given the attention of all who wish for some effort to be made to bring ideals into practice.

* * *

"Murray Marks and his Friends." By DR. G. C. WILLIAMSON. (Laue. 12s. 6d.)

No "gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff" was more respected than Murray Marks of Oxford Street. Every collector knew him and sought his advice. "A man of exquisite taste," said Leyland, and all the pre-Raphaelite group agreed. Dr. Williamson asserts that Marks was intimately concerned with the formation of almost every great collection in London and Paris brought together in recent years. Burne-Jones, Ruskin, Whistler, Rossetti, Morris, Frederick Sandys, all figure in this biography. People interested in the blue and white porcelain cult will find a long and entertaining chapter on the excited activity of Whistler making his collection by the unerring guidance of Marks. A number of letters from Rossetti printed here show him to possess a well-developed commercial sense in buying and selling. Many illustrations, including some hitherto unreproduced portraits by Rossetti, complete a pleasing book.

The Week in the City.

Now that the Prime Minister and his chief supporters in the Press have initiated an economy campaign against Government extravagance, the City and the public will begin to expect to see some results. Unfortunately, there is no sign whatever of a reduction in the expenditure outside the headlines of newspapers. The last week's revenue returns, for example, could hardly be more discouraging. Ordinary expenditure for the week has risen from 29 to 40 millions, and ordinary revenue has dropped from 25 to 17 millions. Temporary borrowing represents a net addition of six millions, and no less than 17 millions have been added to the Debt in the shape of Treasury Bills. The failure of the recent Loan is more and more apparent. But it is becoming evident that a large part of the heavy expenditure is due to the Russian war, which is believed to be costing a million a day, all of which, of course, is added to the National Debt. On the Stock Exchange there has not been very much to report. Consols, now ex-dividend, are rather better at 51, and on Wednesday there was a rally in French Bonds, possibly on a report that the United States may be inclined to deal generously with the Allies by treating its loans to Europe as subsidies. There has also been a welcome improvement in the home railway market. Rubber shares, which had been active and higher, have reacted a little. But the oil market is again coming into prominence. Among mines, Kaffirs are more cheerful.

MONEY AND SILVER.

Money is still abundant, and indeed dangerously cheap, short loans being obtainable at from 2 to 3 per cent. This, no doubt, is the result of inflation and the continuance of Government borrowing. The discount market is quiet, and the rate for three-months' bills is no better than 3½ per cent. The silver market has been in a feverish state, with the price jumping up and down from day to day and almost from hour to hour. On Wednesday spot silver rose twopence to 5s. 1d. per ounce. The effect of these fluctuations on trade with India and the East is, of course, bad. And a recent telegram from Bombay reported business as being almost at a standstill. The currency problem is indeed a very difficult one for the Government of India. As far as home trade is concerned, more and more interest is being taken in the Board of Trade's embargoes—especially in dyes and chemicals.

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